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William Brisbane.

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DICK'S
DUTCH, FRENCH AND YANKEE

DIALECT RECITATIONS.

DER MULE SHTOOD ON DER STEAM-
BOARD DECK.

AS RECITED BY J. S. BURDETT.

Der mule shtood on der steamboard deck,
For der land he wouldn't dread,
Dhey tied a halder rount his neck,
Und vacked him over der headt.

But obstinate and braced he shtood,
As born der scene do rule,
A creature of der holt-back brood—
A shtubborn, shteadfast mule.

Dhey cursed and shwore, bud he vould not go
Undill he felt inclined,
Und dough dhey dundered blow on blow,
He aldered nod his mind.

Der boats-boy to der shore complained,
Der varmint's bound do shtay,
Shtill ubon dot olt mule's hide
Der sounding lash made blay.

His masder from der shore reblied,
"Der boad's abound do sail;
As oder means in vain you've dried,
Subbose you dwist his dail.

GO VAY, BECKY MILLER, GO VAY.

I dthink dot dat vill magke him land."
 Der boats-boy, brave, dough bale,
 Den near drew mit oudstretched hand,
 Do magke der dwist avail.

Dhen game a kick of thunder sound !
 Dot boy—oh, vhere vas he ?
 Ask of der vaves dot far around
 Beheld him in der sea.

For a moment not a voice was heard,
 Bud dot mule he vinked his eye,
 As dhough to ask, to him occurred,
 How vas dot for high ?

 GO VAY, BECKY MILLER, GO VAY!

A FAVORITE DUTCH DIALECT RECITATION.

I don't lofe you now von schmall little bit,
 My dream vas blayed oudt, so blease git up und git ;
 Your false-heardted vays I can't got along mit—
 Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay !

Vas all der young vomans so false-heardted like you,
 Mit a face nice und bright, but a heart black und plue,
 Und all der vwhile schworing you lofed me so drue—
 Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay !

Vy, vonce I t'ought you vas a sehtar vay up high ;
 I liked you so better as gogonut bie ;
 But oh, Becky Miller, you hafe profed vone big lie—
 Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay !

You dook all de bresents vat I did bresent,
 Yes, gobbled up efery blamed thing vot I sent ;
 All der vwhile mit anoder young rooster you vent—
 Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay !

When first I found out you vas such a big lie,
 I didn't know vedder to schmudder or die ;
 Bud now, by der chingo, I don't efen cry—
 Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay !

Don'd dry make belief you vas sorry abound,
 I don'd belief a dings vot coomes oud by your moud;
 Und besides I don'd care, for you vas blayed oud—
 Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

P. S. (pooty short.)—Vell, he dold Becky to go avay enough dimes, enner how. I dinks he vas an uckly fellow. Vell, perhaps that serfs Becky choost right for daking bresents from von fellow, vwhile she vas vinking her nose by anoder vellow.

THE FRENCHMAN'S DILEMMA;

OR, NO. 5 COLLECT STREET.

ADAPTED FOR READING BY JOHN A. MC NULTY.

The following story is told by a Frenchman who visited this country some years ago. At that time there was a street in the lower part of New York called Collect Street (now Canal Street), in which was a small hotel patronized by distinguished foreigners. The Frenchman relates his adventures in his own peculiar manner:

I haf just *arrivé* in New York from ze steamaire; and by ze recommendah-si-on of some of mine friends, I haf *decidé* to stop at ze Collect Street. I go in vat you call ze ca-ab to ze place, vich I find vair nice. Zey geeve me a good room; eet vas *assez* high up ze stairs in ze garrette—but “nevaire mind,” zey say, “eet ees vair hailzey and for view ze metro-polees.” Eh bien! I haf receive mine *bagage*, and I make mine *toilette*. Zen I sink, vat sall I do? Ah! I vill take ze *promenade*. Good! *Très-bien!* I deescend to ze offeece, and request ze *plaisir* to be introduce to ze *propriétaire*. Ze *propriétaire* he come *toute-suite*, and I sank heem vair mooch for ze room, ze *grand accommodation*; and every sing—vat you call ze feexins—in ze *maison* geeve me great sateesfaction. I tell heem zat I sink I vill go to ze *promenade*, and see ze ceety by ze

night-light, if he vill so mooch oblige as to geeve me ze nombaire of ze *maison*, vich I shall not forget to come back. He tell me vair polite zat ze hotel ees nombaire five Collect Street. He vas vair polite, and I make him *adieu*, and proceed to ze street. I repeat to mineself, "Ze nombaire five Collect Street—five Collect Street—nombaire five." I sink I nevaire forget zat nombaire.

I *regarde partout*, I look from dees side to ze ozzer side. Oh! I admire ze noveltee of zat street. Eet is *admirable*. Zen I look again. Ah! *Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça!* *Monsieur* Barnoom—*Menagerie!* ze vite *éléphant!* ze ladee vis ze beard! Ze— (Vat ees dat?) Ah! *oui*, ze lightening calcu-*lateur!* Jenny Leend! Ze snake vis ze thousand stripe on hees boday! *Quel* Barnoom! *Quel menagerie!* Oh! gra-ate contree! Sooch a peecture! Ze leon, ze teegar, ze monkee, ze cat, ze bird, zey all leeve togezzer. Vot a countree! Vat a— (*Suddenly thinking.*) Nombaire five Collect Street—nombaire five—I nevaire forget zat nombaire.

I continue mine *promenade* and stand *vis-à-vis*—vat you call—opposeet vair *brillant palais*, viz ze inveetation to come in by ze door. I sink I go in—I entaire, and I pay five *francs*, ven I be-hold à sight *charmant*. Eet ees a *théâtre*. I am vair content. Ah! nombaire—vat vas ze nombaire? *Mais oui*; nombaire five Collect Street. I nevaire forget ze nombaire! Presently ze *rideau*—vat you call—ze *curtaine* make oop, and ze *acteur* he come on, and he play ze Macca-bess. / Oh! ze vondaireful Macca-bess! I roosh to ze front, and I say:

"Ah! your Mossieu' Shak-es-pier! He is g-r-aä-nd—mysterieuse—soo-blime! You've reads ze Macabess?—ze scene of ze Mossieu' Macabess vis ze Vitch—eh? Superb sooblimatee! W'en he say to ze Vitch, 'Ar-r-r-oynt ze, Vitch!' she go away: but what she *say* when she go away? She say she will do s'omesing dat 'aves got no na-äme! 'Ah, ha!' she say, 'I go, like ze r-r-aä-t vizout ze tail—but,

I'll do ! I'll do ! I'll do !' *What she do ? Ah, ha !—voilà le gra-and mystérieuse* Mossieu' Shak-es-pier ! She not say what she do !" Zen I stop mineself, I sink—vat ees zat nombaire ? I sink—I sink—*mais oui !* Nombaire five Collect Street. I nevaire forget zat nombaire ! *Très-bien.* Zen I continue :

" Mossieu' Macabess, he see Macaduffs come, clos' by : he say, '*Come o-o-n*, Mossieu' Macaduffs, and *sacr-r-ré* be he who first say *Enoffs !*' Zen zey fi-i-ght—moche. Ah, ha !—*voilà !* Mossieu' Macabess, vis his br-r-right r-r-appier, 'pink' him, vat you call, in his body. He 'ave gots *mal d'estomac* : he say, vis *grand simplicité*, 'Enoffs !' What for he say 'Enoffs' ? 'Cause he got enoffs—pla-änty ; and he expire, r-r-ight away, 'mediately, pretty qüeck ! Ah, *mes amis*, Mossieu' Shak-es-pier is rising man in *La Belle France !*"

Zen I sink again—vat ees zat nombaire ? I sink of nos-sing but nombaire Macca-bess, Shak-es-pier Street. No, no ! zat ees not eet ! Eet ees nombaire Shak-es-pier—*Diable !* Zat ees not eet ! Oh ! ciel ! Oh, mine grace-chious ! Vat sall I do ? I forget ze nombaire ! *Au diable* viz ze Macca-bess ! *Pourquoi* vy I come in ze *miserable théâtre* ? Zen ze people zey come at me—zey say, "Vat for you make troubles in ze *théâtre* ? Put ze crazee French-man out ! Put heem out !" *Oui, pardi !* I feel mineself crazee. I roosh out of ze *théâtre* ? Ze people zey poosh, zey pull—zey keek me all ze vay to ze *trottoir*—vat you call—ze si-de-vaik. *Cr-r-rétonnerre !* I lose mine five *francs*. I lose mine *chapeau*. I lose mine nombaire. I lose mine *courage*. I not know vich vay I sall go. I not know nos-sing ! I sall go *derangé*. Zen I hear a man say, "Ca-ab, sair ?" He say, "I takes you any vere you sall veesh to go for five dollaire." I sink it vair funnee, but he take me by ze arm and put me in ze *cabriolet*. I sink now I hav end of ze troubles. I seet down and make mineself *comfortable*. Zen ze *miserable* man he ask me, "Vere I sall vish to go."

I say, "I wish to go to ze hotel, but I not know ze nombaire." Vat you zink he do? Ze *cochon*—vat you call—ze peeg—he dra-ag me out of ze ca-ab—he shut ze door, and he go vay visout me.

Vat sall I do? I go zees vay—I go zat vay—I not know vere I sall go. Zen annozer man vis ze cab—he take me by ze arm and put me in hees ca-ab. I say to heem, "I wish to go to ze hotel—but I not know hees nombaire." He tell me to go to—someveres else. Eet vas not mine nombaire vat he say, so I come again out of ze ca-ab. Ze man he make some feests in mine face, and say somezings I not *comprend*, and I feel mineself *très misérable*. Zen a beeg man vis blue coat and beeg club take me by ze arm, and say, "Vat for you make some troubles?" I say to heem, vair polite and *tranquil*, zat I haf forgot ze nombaire, zat I am *perdu*, and zat I vcesh to go to ze hotel. He call me *nuisance* and crazee, and say he take me to ze Tombs. I say zat is not mine hotel—not mine nombaire. He say I sall shut of mine mout, or he will geeve me some clubs. Aftaire zat I make mineself vair qui-et, and I go viz heem to a vair large *bâtiment* viz beeg steps. He take me and he push me into a *miserable* dirtee *place*, fill viz ze *canaille*—oh! so dirty! *une place horrible* for a gentle-man. Vair soon ze beeg man take me to ze *juge*—vat you call—justeece, and he say zat I am disturbance in ze *théâtre* and in ze street, and make troubles viz ze ca-abs.

All ze time I suffaire ze torment of ze *diable*. I feel I soon expire. Ze justeece hear ze story of ze big man viz ze club, and zen he ask me vas ees mine name, and vere I leeve. Oh! he was vair *impoli*, and—vat you call him—rou—row—roo—Ah! oui—ruff!

Ze *occasion*, zat ees, ze *opportunité* haf now arrive zat I can prove zat I am *gentilhomme*, and not ze blackguard. I say, "*Monsieur le justice*, I am *miserable* strangair. I haf forget mine nombaire. I know not vich vay I leeve. Ze cabman make me vair mooch annoyance; zey not treat me

like ze gentleman. Mai foi! vat sall I do? I am *innocent*. I do nossing zat I sall be so treated. I feel deextract. Oh! vy vas I forget mine nombaire!"

Zen I sink—I get ze gra-and *idée*. I say to ze justeece, "Monsieur—vat ees dat, ven you go to ze *partie*, and you eat and you drink vair mooch; and den you go to ze leetle bed, and zen you haf vair bad pain in *l'estomac*—vat you call heem, eh? vat name you geeve to zat pain?"

Zen ze justeece make reply zat eet vas ze night-e-mare. "Non, non!" say I to heem, "zat is not heem. Eet ees not ze night-e-mare street zat I veel. Oh! vat sall I do? *Cr-r-ré!*"

Ah! zen I sink I veel try anozer times, and I say, "*Monsieur le justice*, vat is dat, ven you go to ze gr-r-reat *partie*, and you eat ze rosbif, ze *écrivisse*, vat you call him—cra-abs, ze lobster, ze *fromage*, and you dreenk ze vine of *champagne*, ze port, ze claret—all ze sorts of every sing. You go to your leetle bed—you make sleep. Zen zere come in a beeg giant by ze vindow, and seet himself on you on ze *poitrinez*—at ees your *estomac*—and you haf ter-r-rible pain. Vat you call zat, eh?"

Zen ze justeece, he say zat ees a vair bad case of ze *indigestion*. "Non, non!" say I, "zat is not ze *indigestion* street zat I veel. Oh! *Cr-ré nom!* Vat ees eet more for me to do? I am crazee! Zat ees too vair mooch! *Monsieur le justice!*" I cry once more wiz *desperation*, "vat ees dat, eef you go to ze gr-r-r-and *partie*, and you eat ze rosbif, ze turkey, ze *salade* de lobster, ze *pâté de foie gras*, ze *consommé*, ze ice-e-cream, ze *petit pois*, ze maccaroni, and dreenk ze vine, ze *eau-de-vie*, ze veeskee—every sing zat you eau er-r-r-am in. Zen you go to ze bed, and make sleep, and ze giant he come and seet on your *estomac* on ze one side, and ze vife of ze giant, tree, four time as beeg, come een and seet on ze ozzer side of your *estomac*; and ze giant pull your *estomac* on hees side, and ze vife pull ze ozzer side of your *estomac*, and you get ze *mal*

d'estomac—ze *hor-r-rible* pain—vat you call heem, eh?" Zen ze justeece say he sink zat eet most be vair like ze *colique*.

Oh, ciel! zat ees eet! *Vous-avez raison!* Oh, *Monsieur le bon justice!* you haf save me! I sall nevaire forget zat —nevaire! Zat ees ze Collect Street vat I vant! Oh, *Monsieur le justice, Je vous remercie*—tank you, sare. Eef ze cab-a-man make me ze apologiee, I sall take heem to ze hotel, nombaire five Collect Street." Zen I make ze *grand adieu* to ze justeece, and I go viz ze *cabriolet* to mine hotel.

DER DRUMMER.

BY CHAS. F. ADAMS.

Who puts oup at der pest hotel,
Und dakes his oysders on der schell,
Und mit der frauleins cuts a schwell?
Der drummer.

Who vash it gomes indo mine schtore,
Drows down his pundles on der vloer,
Und nefer schtops to shut der door?
Der drummer.

Who dakes me py der handt und say:
"Hans Pfeiffer, how you vas to-day?"
Und goes for peesness rightd away?
Der drummer.

Who shpreads his zamples in a trice,
Und dells me "look, und see how nice"?
Und says I gets "der bottom price"?
Der drummer.

Who says der tings vas eggstra vine—
"Vrom Sharmany, ubon der Rhine"—
Und sheats me den dimes oudt of nine?
Der drummer.

Who dells how sheap der goots vas bought,
 Mooch less as vot I gould imbort,
 But lets dem go, as he vas "short" ?
 Der drummer.

Who varrants all der goots to suit
 Der gustomers ubon his route,
 Und ven dey gomes dey vas no goot ?
 Der drummer.

Who gomes around ven I been oudt,
 Drinks oup mine bier, and eats mine kraut,
 Unt kiss Katrina in der mout' ?
 Der drummer.

Who, ven he gomes again dis vay,
 Vill hear vot Pfeiffer has to say,
 Und mit a plack eye goes away ?
 Der drummer.

MYGEL SNYDER'S BARTY.

AS RECITED BY GUS WILLIAMS.

Vell, of you'll only lisden, I vill told you about dot barty vot Mygel Snyder gife last week at his house. Yah, mine freunds, dot vas a high-doned barty und all de fust-glass beoples vas dere. Dere vas Miss Krouse, Misder Bumblestein, Mrs. Dinglebender of Baxter Street, Mr. Kansmeyer, Mr. Gimp, Misder und Mrs. Lautenslauger of Soudth Fidth Afenue, und a goot many oders whose names I don't forgot. Miss Krouse had her hair done up in scrambled eggs, und den she vore a dress of blain corded bed-diek. Mr. Bumblestein had on a new second-hand swallow-head coat, und den he vore a vatch-chain made oud of de dail of de cow vot kieged de lamp over in Shicago. Den der vas nice dances doo ; dere vas Polkers, Valtzes, Les Lunches, Squadrilles, und Succatoshes. Und den afder de dancing ve blayed some games ; ve blayed Buss in Shoes, Bost Office, und Grokenhagens, und Plind

Man's Snuff. Und den afder dot a young man got ub to make a sbeech, und he gommenced py saying,—“I am here.” In about dree minudes he vasn't dere; he vas drunk, und de gommiddee shucked him oud of de second sdory vindow, und he valked right off on his ear.

Vell, Mrs. Dinglebender brouhgd her baby, de sweedest liddle baby vot you efer seen, mid a nose like a chesnud, (vell, de baby can't help dot,) und id's head vas as large as a foot-ball, (vell, de baby can't help dot,) und de baby vas yust old enough to grawl around on de garpet, und feed on dacks und hair-bins. Vell, putty quiek righd avay oud, dot baby fell in de slob-bail und got choging mit a bod-a-do-sgin.

Id's a nice ding, dough, being a farder, und exbecially gedding ub of a cold vinter's nide, mit your feet on de oil-cloth, bouring oud baregoric in a deaspoon mit der thermeder ninedy-nine degrees pelow de cidy-hall pymoonlide; (vell, de baby can't help dot;) id's a nice ding to 'dink dot a baby vas going to grow ub und have “mumbs,” “measles,” “golera infandum,” “jim-jams,” und dings like dot to dake away a man's money vot he has laid away for a new suit of glothes. Bud I subboses dot's all righd, dond it?

Ven subber vas putty quick ready, I sot mineself down to ead dribe, und cakes, und onions, und bodadoes, und pigs' feed, und Miss Krouse she ead so hardy dot she got fery sick, und der doctor sait she had der coleric. Yes, Miss Krouse got de coleric. She vas drying to ead a mince-pie mit a doot-prush in id, und id didn't agree vit her.

But den dot subber dable vas loaded ub mit all de indelicacies of de season. Dere vas beanuts und red herrings und boddles of green-zeal soda-vater; und den Oofy Gooft brouhgd a boddle of Vooster-sdreet sauce, und den der vas a Christmas dree about dwo inches high sed in a spiddoon in de middle of de dable yust for noding put ornamentations.

Afder subber dere vas such nice singing. Vone young man got ub und singed a song vot vent like dis:—"He flies drough de air mit his mout full of eheese, he vas a young man vot chewed ub a drapeze"—or someding like dot anyhow; den ve all joined in de ghorus. Den dey asged me to sing, und ven I got ub to sing de beoble kep'd so sdill you could hear a house fall down. I sung dot song about Mary had a leetle lamp, ids vool all over vite—und ven I had sung von verse, some fellar hollere loud—"Oh! give us a resd." I dold him dot I didn't know de resd of id; of I did I vould give id to him, und den he dold me to "drob of mineself;" but I dond understood Ladin, so I couldn't make oud vot he vas dalking about, bud I must have sung nice, for vile I vas singing every vone vent oud of de room. Soon after dot I vent home, bud venever I regomember dot vestif night I always say to mineself:

Oh! vot lods of fun,
 Oh! vot lods of fun,
 Dancing, singing, all de dime,
 Drinking lager-bier und vein;
 At dot bardy down at Mygel Snyder's.

MRS. BEAN'S COURTSHIP.

YANKEE DIALECT RECITATION.—CLARA AUGUSTA.

Did I ever tell you how it happened that I didn't live and die an old maid? No. Well, I thought so. If you'll just keep quiet, and stop twirling the handle of your parasol, I don't mind intertaining you with an account of my airly life, while I bind off the heel of this stocking.

Who in creation is that going into Brown's? A woman with a blue shawl on! 'Taint none of the nabors, for there haint a blue shawl in the naborhood; and she's got an amberill in her hand. 'Pears to me Brown's folks have a tremenjuous sight of company. I don't believe, just atween

you and me, that they've had a mite of pork in their house for months! Danil seed an empty pork-barril a setting afore their door the first of April, and there it's sot ever sense. It's a mystery to me what makes 'em invite folks so hard to visit 'em.

But I was agwine to tell you something about old times. It's nigh on to twenty years ago that father sold the Benson place, and moved into the State of Maine. Maine is one of the powerfulest regions that ever you seed! Famous place for white-pine gum, big punkins, and ship-timber. Beats the world, and all the starry spears, on them kind of things. Great place for folks to grow big there, too. I've seen a girl of sixteen that was as much as two inches taller than Grandfather Lynitt's brother Eben, without stockings!

When father first moved to Pineville I was just as on-contented as I could be; but after awhile I got acquainted with some of the folks, and then I felt as much at home as a sheep in clover.

There! there's that same woman coming out of Brown's agin. She's got a bundle! A piece of fresh meat, I'll warrant! Brown's folks killed a steer yesterday. Strange, now, that they do give away things so! If I was Miss Brown, and my husband had to work as hard as Brown does for everything, I'd try and see if I couldn't be a little more equinomical with my pervisions. It's singular that some folks haint got no more thought!

Less see—where did I leave off? I declare, I feel so curis about that blue shawl that I can't keep the run of what I'm saying; and if I haint dropped three stitches on the heel of this stocking! Now that's too bad! I guess I can fix 'em though—I'm good at fixing knittin' work.

Joshua Bean was the great beau at Pineville. He beat all the rest of the fellers holler. All the girls in the place were sot together to captivate him, and if he happened to turn his eyes in the direction of one of 'em, all the others

was madder than hatters! It did seem as if Sally Price and Betsy Walker would break their necks to see which should get him! They would have gone through fire and water, if he had asked 'em to, and never got scorched nor drowned.

Every girl that I was acquainted with kept up an everlasting talking about Joshua Bean, and as I'd never seen him I concluded he must be more of a sight than the elephant. One evening Sally Price had a party, and then, for the first time, I seed Joshua Bean. He was a tall, light-haired feller, with eyes that looked as if they wouldn't wash and bile well, and the pertest turned-up nose that ever came out of the ark!

I was introduced to him, and we played Copenhagen, and Button, and Hunt the Slipper, together; and I kissed him through the back of a cheer, and he kissed me over the top of the looking-glass.

After the performance was all through with, he asked if he might escort me home; and I let him. I made believe I didn't want him to go; but then, you see, I was just as willing as could be, and terrible 'feared he'd take me as I sed, and not as I meant. Forchunitly, he was acquainted with the girls, and understood their folderols; so he didn't pay no attention at all to what I sed, but just grabbed my arm and marched off with me.

Wasn't all of the rest of the girls provoked? Didn't they turn up their noses at me? Didn't they call Joshua a half-baked, sneaking sky-scraper? Didn't they, now? I rather guess they did.

The next Sunday about four o'clock in the afternoon, an hour after we'd got home from meeting, mother looked out of the window, down the road, and sez she:

"Lawful heart! If there haint Joshua Bean a-coming up the street."

When I heerd what she said I blushed like a piny; and Sam and Danil they just whistled.

"I wonder," sez marm, "what his bizness can be? He haint got no tin pail nor nothing that I can see. He can't be coming to borry meal, and we've paid his father for that quarter of veal, and I've carried home his mother's hand reel."

"Guess it's more'n as likely as not," sez pa, "that he's coming to see our Dorothy. I seed him give her a pond-lily to meeting this morning; and I declare she's got it in her hair now."

"Humph," sez marm; "you did, indeed! Well, then I guess we'll scramble out of the room as fast as ever we can, and leave the young folks to theirselves. Come, Sam and Dan."

And off they went. In about a minit I heard Joshua knock at the door. My heart went pitty-patty, but I ariz and opened the door. Joshua was there, looking skeered nigh about to death.

"How de do?" sez he.

"How de do?" sez I; "won't you come in?"

"I dunno," sez he.

"You'd better," sez I.

"Where's your par?" sez he.

"He's to home," sez I; "do you want to see him?"

"No, I dunno as I do," sez he; "it's kinder warm to-day, haint it?" and he wiped his face with his red bandith' handkercher.

"Yes," sez I, "'tis warm; you'd better come in."

"I don't keer if I do," sez he, and in he came, and took a cheer on the settle. I sat down on a stool a little ways off.

"Kinder cool for the season, haint it?" sez he, buttoning up his coat.

"Yes," sez I, though I perspired like a washerwoman.

Then there was an orful long spell of nothing's being sed. I pleated up a newspaper and fanned myself; Joshua pared his finger-nails and tied his handkerchief up in knots.

Finally Joshua kinder sidled up toward me, and arter he'd looked at me a spell sideways, sez he :

"Dorothy, sugar is almost as sweet as anything else, now isn't it?"

"Yes, 'tis," sez I, "unless sap molasses is sweeter."

"Don't you think honey is sweeter than any one of 'em?" sez he.

"Yes, I do," sez I.

"Well, Dorothy," sez he, "you beat all three of 'em."

Then there was another spell of saying nothing. I felt so fluctuated that I couldn't think of nothing to say, and Joshua was run out of subjects. At last a new idea struck him. Sez he :

"Dorothy, where do you s'pose I got this weskit?"

"I dunno," sez I.

"Guess," sez he.

"Down to Burnham's store," sez I.

"No," sez he.

"To Nelson's, then?"

"No, sir!"

"Then your mother wove it for you?"

"Not by a good deal! It was made out of Aunt Peggy's old red gownd."

Then it seemed as if he never would think of anything more to say, till bymeby sez he :

"Dorothy, how many chickens has your folks got?"

"Only twenty-three," sez I; but we had as much as fifty.

"Well, I declare! what has become of 'em?"

"The hawks ketched some, and some died a-shedding their feathers."

"That's bad," sez he.

"Yes," sez I, "that's so."

Then we sot still another spell, and then mother she came in. Joshua blushed, and I must have turned the colors of the rainbow.

"Mr. Bean," sez she, "did you come a-courting to-day?"

If so, why don't you say what you're got to say? If you want Dorothy, I am willing; she's got the warp and fillin' for a coverlid, and a bran new feather-bed."

"Old lady," sez he, a kinder startin' up, "*you're a whole team!*"

Then mother went out, and Joshua he dropped rite down on his knees, and sez he, with a great deal of emotion:

"Dorothy, your mother has give me liberty. She broke the ice. Will you be my pardner?"

"Joshua," sez I, "I'm jest as willin' as I can be," and in a minute more I was grabbed up close to the red weskit.

Well, he made me a dreadful charmin' husband; but I do believe if it hadn't been for mother he wouldn't have popped the question to this day.

SNYDER'S NOSE.

BY "OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

Snyder kept a beer-saloon some years ago "over the Rhine." Snyder was a ponderous Teuton of very irascible temper—"sudden and quick in quarrel"—get mad in a minute. Nevertheless his saloon was a great resort for "the boys"—partly because of the excellence of his beer and partly because they liked to chafe "old Snyder," as they called him; for, although his bark was terrific, experience had taught them that he wouldn't bite.

One day Snyder was missing; and it was explained by his "frau," who "jerked" the beer that day, that he had "gone out fishing mit der poys." The next day one of the boys, who was particularly fond of "roasting" old Snyder, dropped in to get a glass of beer, and discovered Snyder's nose, which was a big one at any time, swollen and blistered by the sun, until it looked like a dead-ripe tomato.

"Why, Snyder, what's the matter with your nose?" said the caller.

"I peen out fishing mit der poys," replied Snyder, laying his finger tenderly against his proboscis; "the sun it pese hot like ash never vas, und I purns my nose. Nice nose, don't it?" And Snyder viewed it with a look of comical sadness in the little mirror back of his bar. It entered at once into the head of the mischievous fellow in front of the bar to play a joke upon Snyder; so he went out and collected half a dozen of his comrades, with whom he arranged that they should drop in at the saloon one after another, and ask Snyder, "What's the matter with that nose?" to see how long he would stand it. The man who put up the job went in first with a companion, and seating themselves at a table called for beer. Snyder brought it to them, and the new-comer exclaimed as he saw him, "Snyder, what's the matter with your nose?"

"I yust dell your friend here I peen out fishin' mit der poys, unt de sun purnt 'em—zwei lager—den cents—all right."

Another boy rushes in. "Halloo, boys, you're ahead of me this time; s'pose I'm in, though. Here, Snyder, bring me a glass of lager and a pret"—(appears to catch a sudden glimpse of Snyder's nose, looks wonderingly a moment and then bursts out laughing)—"ha! ha! ha! Why, Snyder—ha!—ha!—what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder, of course, can't see any fun in having a burnt nose or having it laughed at; and he says, in a tone sternly emphatic:

"I peen out fishin' mit der poys, unt de sun it yust ash hot ash blazes, unt I purnt my nose; dat ish all right."

Another tormentor comes in, and insists on "setting 'em up" for the whole house. "Snyder," says he, "fill up the boys' glasses, and take a drink yourse—ho! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! Snyder, wha—hâ! ha!—what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder's brow darkens with wrath by this time, and his voice grows deeper and sterner:

"I peen out fishin' mit der poys on the Leedle Miami. De sun pese hot like ash—vel, I burn my pugle. Now that is more vot I don't got to say. Vot gind o' peseness? Dat ish all right ; I purn my *own* nose, don't it?"

"Burn your nose—burn all the hair off your head, for what I care; you needn't get mad about it."

It was evident that Snyder wouldn't stand more than one more tweak at that nose, for he was tramping about behind his bar, and growling like an exasperated old bear in his cage. Another one of his tormentors walks in. Some one sings out to him, "Have a glass of beer, Billy?"

"Don't care about any beer," says Billy, "but, Snyder, you may give me one of your best ciga— Ha-a-a! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! he! he! he! ah-h-h-ha! ha! ha ha! Why—why—Snyder—who—who—ha-ha! ha! what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder was absolutely fearful to behold by this time; his face was purple with rage, all except his nose, which glowed like a ball of fire. Leaning his ponderous figure far over the bar, and raising his arm aloft to emphasize his words with it, he fairly roared:

"I peen out fishin' mit ter poys. The sun it pese hot like ash never was. I purn my nose. Now you no like dose nose, you yust take dose nose unt wr-wr-wr-wring your mean American finger mit 'em. That's the kind of man vot I am!" And Snyder was right.

DYIN' VORDS OF ISAAC.

A DUTCH DIALECT READING.

When Shicago vas a leedle villages, dhere lifed dherein, py dot Clark Sdhreet out, a shentlemans who got some names like Isaacs; he geeb a cloting store, mit goots dot vit you yoost der same like dey vas made. Isaacs vas a goot fellers, und makes goot pishness on his hause. Vell,

thrade got besser as der time he vas come, und dose leetle shtore vas not so pig enuff like anudder shtore, und pooty gwick he locks out und leaves der pblace.

Now Yacob Schloffienheimer vas a shmard feller, und he dinks of he dook der olt shtore he got good pishness und dose olt coostomers von Isaac out. Von tay dhere comes a shentlemans on his store, und Yacob quick say of der mans, "How you vas, mein freund; you like to look of mine goots, aind it?" "Nein," der mans say. "Vell, mein freund, it makes me notting troubles to show dot goots." "Nein; I dond vood buy sometings to tay." "Yoost come mit me vonce, mein freund, und I show you sometings, und, so hellub me gracious, I dond ask you to buy dot goots." "Vell, I told you vat it vas, I dond vood look at some tings yoost now; I keeps a livery shtable, und I likes to see mein old freund, Mister Isaacs, und I came von Kaintucky out to see him vonce." "Mister Isaacs? Vell, dot is pad; I vas sorry von dot. I dells you, mein freund, Mister Isaacs he vas died. He vas mein brudder, und he vas not mit us eny more. Yoost vhen he vas on his deat-ped, und vas dyin', he says of me, 'Yacob, (dot ish mein names,) und I goes me ofer mit his petside, und he poods his hands of mine, und he says of me, 'Yacob, ofer a man he shall come von Kaintucky out, mit ret hair, und mit plue eyes, Yacob, sell him dings cheab,' und he lay ofer und died his last."

FRITZ UND I.

BY CHARLES F. ADAMS—FROM SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

Mynheer, please helb a boor oldt man,
 _Vot gomes vrom Sharmany,
 Mit Fritz, mine tog und only freund,
 To geep me gompany.

I haf no gelt to puy mine pread,
 No blace to lay me down,

For ve vas vanderers, Fritz und I,
 Und strangers in der town.

Some beoples gife us dings to eadt,
 Und some dey kicks us oudt,
 Und say: " You ton't got pecsnis here
 To sdroll der schtreets aboutt!"

Vot's dat you say! You puy mine tog
 To gife me pread to eadt?
 I vas so boor as nefer vas,
 But I vas no "tead peat!"

Vot! sell mine tog, mine leetle tog,
 Dot vollows me aboutt,
 Und vags his dail like anydings
 Vene'er I dakes him oudt?

Schust look at him, und see him schump!
 He likes me pooty vell;
 Und dere vas somedings 'bout dat tog,
 Mynheer, I wouldn't sell.

"Der collar?" Nein, 'tvas someding else
 Vrom vich I Gould not bart;
 Und if dot ding vas dook away
 I dinks it prakes mine heart.

"Vot vas it, den, aboutt dat tog,"
 You ashk, "dat's not vor sale?"
 I dells you vat it ish, mine freund,
 Tish der vag off dat tog's dail!

THE FRENCHMAN'S REVENGE.

A FRENCH DIALECT RECITATION.

Monsieur Chabot was a Frenchman of high connections—a grand nephew, or fourth cousin, or something, of the great French house of Rohan-Chabot, which, as "cousins of the king," outranks dukes and princes; and what was

as comfortable, M. Chabot was very rich. He came, an old man, about twenty years ago, to New York on a visit, and was much caressed. There was a rumor that the Count, as they called him, had lost his all, once, on a sea-voyage, and then somehow turned the loss into a fortune. The night before he left for France, at a dinner-party given in his honor, some bold fellow, his head filled with wine, bluntly asked him about it. We were horror-struck; but the Count took it pleasantly, and gave us the story. Here it is:

“Yaes, zat ees so. I loss ver' moche money on ze ocean, *mais* I peck up more, an' I 'ave mai gr-r-rand *revanche*. You see, ve vere at var wiz ze Anglish at ze taëm, an' ze Anglish vere at var wiz ze Americain. Zen ze mastaire of a sheep in Havre say to me: ‘Monsieur Chabot, 'ave you money?’ I say, ‘Ah! oui! a lectle.’ He say, ‘Viz money you make grand fortune. Ze Anglish 'ave blockade' ze cawst of Amerique. Ze brandee in Amerique is scarce an' 'igh. Ze Americain gentleman suffer terrible! Ze man who relieve him ees an angel, an' make money. I paint my sheep gray. She sail like ze win'! You fill her up wiz brandee. I take her to Amerique. I slip past ze cruisers at night—ve sell ze cargo at 'igh price. You pay me good freight, you make ze grand fortune.’ I listen, I zink. I say, ‘Zat ees good.’ I take ze ship. I fill her viz Cognac, an' I go 'long myself to manage ze trade.

“We 'ave queeck voyage; but ven ve vere vizeen sight of lan' ze man aloft he say, ‘A sheep ahead! she 'ave red flag.’ I say, ‘*Diable!* Jean Bool! Ve run—she run, too. Vell, to—h'm! h'm! h'm! eet ees funny! I spik ze Anglish like nateef. Ze accent is pairfect, as you see, *mais* I forget at time ze vocable—ze more simple vord. Ha! ha! ha! I 'ave eem by ze tail now! to cut—zat is eet—to cut ze long story short, ze sheep gobble us up. Ze Anglish capitaine put officaire and saileur on board our

sheep; but he take one cask of brandee, and he take me on board ze frigate. For he 'ear who I vas, an' he say, 'M. de Chabot, I 'ave ze plaisir of to know ze 'ead of your 'ouse—ze Duc—he is exile in Londres. I am,' he say, 'of French descent meself, mai name is Dacres; zis sheep, La Guerrière, vas French; zerefore you are at 'ome. I will consider you non-combatant, make arrangement viz ze officaires for mess—I vill send you home on ze first shance. Your little venture vas misfortune. Vot would you 'ave? Breetannia, she rule ze vave! Vait till we meet Yankee frigate—you s'all see.' I zank him ver' moche—he vos so polite—*mais* I say to maiself, 'Zat ees ver' fine, Breetannia she rule ze vave—she steal mai brandee; but I veel 'ave mai *revanche*.'

"Ze nex' day ze capitaine invite me to dinner. I go. Ver' fine dinner, and ze vine vas fine too. Zen ze capitaine says, 'Gentlemen, I 'ave some ver' fine brandee, vich a frien' 'ave contribute for ze occasion.' He ask me, 'Ah, Monsieur Chabot, vot you zink of eem?' Zen I pour out ze brandee. I look at him. I smell him. I taste him. By gar! now vat you t'ink dat Shonny Bull capitaine he do to me? Sacre! he treat me viz my own lickare. Zen I turn to ze capitaine, I bow, I smile, I—I say, 'He is ole frien'—I 'ave know him before.' Ze capitaine he smile—I smile; *mais* I say to myself, 'Ze robbaire 'ave take mai brandee, *mais* I vill 'ave mai *revanche*.'

"Zen a meedsheepman he come down an' say, 'A Yankee frigate in ze distance.' Ze capitaine say, 'Clap on sail, an' overhaul her.' Ze leetle meedsheepman say she come herself. 'So moche ze bettair,' say ze capitaine. 'Monsieur de Chabot, eef you come on ze deck, you s'all ze 'ow ve veep ze Yankee, for Breetannia rule ze vave!' I bow again, I go on deck, bote I say to maiself, 'Breetannia 'ave take mai brandee, bote I veel 'ave my *revanche*.'

"Zen zere vas shooted off ze broadside—tonerre! boom! bote ze Yankee he say nozzing. He sail up and down,

bote he fire no gun. I say, 'Vot poltroon is zis?' Capitaine Dacres he say, 'Fire 'igh—crippl' eem! do not let eem run away!' Ze Yankee sail up an' down, bote he fire no gun. I say, 'Capitaine Dacres, ze Yankee is coward.' 'Ah, Monsieur de Chabot,' dit *M. le Capitaine*, 'cet ees not his fault. Eet ces fatalité. Breetannia she rule ze vave.' I bow—I smile; *mais* I say to maiself, 'Breetannia she robe me of mai brandee, an' I veel yet 'ave *revanche*.'

"I have no soonaire say zat in mai own mind, zan ze whole side of ze Yankee frigate open in smoke an' flame—pumra—boom! an' ze cannon-ball come like ze hail-storm, an' I say, 'Ze climate is too varm 'ere. I've business down-stairs,' an' zen I like to broke my neck ovaire a man on ze stairs. I say, 'Vat ees zis?' He say, 'I am ze pursaire.' I say, 'Vy are not you on deck viz ze ozzairs?' He say, 'I am only civil officaire. I take care of ze money of ze sheep.' An' viz zat he shake. I'clp cem up. He seem seek. I pity eem ver' moche. He 'ave a great lump in ees pocket, an' I so fear he loss it, I put eet in mine. An' all ze vile zat dam Yankee, he kep' up ze noise of ze gun, an' zey fire on ze deck, *mais* zey all stop. I listen, 'ear no noise—I go on ze deck. Horrible! ze deck was covaire wiz dead an' wounded. 'Ere vas a man vizout arm; zere one vizout leg; 'ere one vizout head; zere von vizout nozzing. Ze boson he say to me, 'Ve are struck, sir! Ve are sink! Get vat you can from below, queek—we go on ze Yankee frigate.' I run down-stairs—I try to rouze ze pursaire. He vas in heep. I stop a minute to look at ze bundle I 'ave took from his pocket. It was label, 'In his Britannique majesty's service—frigate Guerrière.' I open cem a little. It vas *billets de banque*—notes on ze Bank of England for two hundred t'ousan' pound! five million frane! I say to maiself, 'Ow lucky zis falls in ze han's of an honest man. Breetannia she rule ze vave, she steal mai brandee, *mais* she pay for it, an' I 'ave mai *revanche*.'

“Vell, ve vent on board ze Constitution, M. le Capitaine Hull. Capitaine Hull vas ver’ polite gentleman, indeed. Capitaine Dacres he offer ze sword. Capitaine Hull he say, ‘Excuse me, sair, I’ve not ze heart to deprive so brave an officaire of his sword. You keep him, eef you please.’ An’ he bow, and M. le Capitaine Dacres he bow. Oh, zey vas so ver’ polite. Ze nex’ day Capitaine Hull he give diner to ze Anglich officaire, an’ I vas invite. I go. It vos ver’ fine diner. Ven ze vine voz on ze table, ze Yankee Capitaine propose a toast—‘To ze brave man who defend hees flag till defense ees no longer possible!’ An’ zey all drink; an’ ze American officaire moche applaud. Zen Capitaine Dacres he propose a toast—‘To ze brave man who is generous in success as he ees strong in fight.’ An’ zey all drink, an’ ze Anglich officaire ver’ mooche applaud. Zen Capitaine Hull say, ‘Vill M. de Chabot favor us viz toast?’ an’ I rise an’ raise mai glass wiz ze politeness of gentleman an’ Frenchman, an’ I say, ‘Breetannia rule ze vave!’ An’ I look aroun’. Sacre! neizer ze Americain nor ze Anglich officaire applaud. Capitaine Dacres he look black, Capitaine Hull he look into his vine-glass. Mais! it waz no matter. Ze vine vent down mai throat, az ze pursaire ’ave gone down in ze Guerrière. Breetannia ’ave pay me for ze brandee she stole, an’ I ’ave mai grand *revanche*.”

BETSEY UND I HAFE BUST UB.

PARODY ON “BETSEY AND I ARE OUT”—AS RECITED BY J. S. BURDETT.

Draw oud der bapers, lawyer,
 Und magke dhem awful blain,
 So dot ve don’d kin have to spell dot out,
 Und wride dot offer again.
 Und shling dot ing oud awful dhick,
 Und fill der baper ub;
 ’Cause dhings at home vas inside owat,
 Und Betsey und I hafe bust ub.
 Vat’s der matter, dot’s vot I don’d kin dell.

Efer since dot ve vas only vone
Ve got 'long puddy vell.

I gife her eferydthing dot she vants,
Und I dry to do vat's righdt;

But of I vant to life mit dot olt
Voman, I hafe got to learn how to fight.

So I hafe chined mit Betsey,
Und Betsey hafe chined mit me :

Und ve hafe bode made ub our minds
Dot ve kin neffer agree.

She says dot I better imigrade,
Vell, I dhink myselve dot's besd;

So I back ub my Saratoga
Und go mit der Mormons oud vest.

Der first dthing I remember about
Dot ve had a shtew,

"Twas, she vanted to go to a bicnic,
Unt I didn't vant her to.

Id vas vone off dhose brewery bienics,
Where I myselve had been pefore,

Und vhere eferybody got so organized
Dot dthey couldn't god drunk any more.

Und der nexd dthing I remember about
"Twas ven she proke my lager stein

Dot I had mit me for many years,
Und brought from Oberlein Stein.

I dolt Betsey dot she vas clumsy,
Dot she did nod do vat vas righdt.

So help me gracious, lawyer, she bead me
Mit dot glub till I vas as plaek as plue as white!

So draw oud der pabers, lawyer,
Und magke dhem big und tall,

Dot oud of eferydthing dot I hafe got
She can'd hafe any ad all.

For I hafe vorked for id hard myselve
For mony und mony a year,

Und efery cent dat olt voman can freeze to
She gone shpend for lager bier.

Bud dhere vas dwo or dhree fife cend pieces
Dot I managed to pud away.

Dot vas down in der Union Drusd Co.,
 Bnt I don'd pelieve dot'll bay.
 Pud on der bapers, lawyer,
 Dot ond of dhose fife or dhree,
 Eff she kin got dhem I gif her half—
 Dere ain'd noden mean about me.
 Und vonce ven I had der jim-jams
 She nefer vould come to der bed,
 Und I vas seein' shnagkes und kiddencads,
 Und I didn't know vat I said ;
 Und vhenefer she'd come to mofe me
 She'd handle me awful rough,
 Und vhenefer she'd gife me dot boregaric,
 Id vas always der wrong stuff.
 So draw ond der bapers, lawyer,
 Und I'll go straight away,
 Und dell dot old voman off mine
 Shust yot dhose bapers say.
 Bud I don't gomblain of Betsey
 Of she'd only quiet down,
 For ven she got her mad ub
 She Gould glean ond all der town.
 Und dhere is vone dthing more I can vish her,
 Is dot she keeb away from me ;
 Und of efer she got anudder husband,
 Dot he vas so shtrong like she—
 Und if I kin be his neighbor-in-law,
 Und hear der rows dot dhey kick ub,
 I'll invide him oud, und dell him how
 Dot Betsey und I hafe bust ub.

SCHNEIDER SEES LEAH.

A FAVORITE DUTCH DIALECT RECITATION BY "UNCLE SCHNEIDER."

I vant to dold you vat it is, dot's a putty nice play. De
 first dime dot you see Leah, she runs cross a pridge, mit
 some fellers chasin' her mit putty big shtics. Dey *ketch*
 her right in de middle of der edge, und der leader, (dot's
 de villen) he sez of her, "Dot it's better ven she *dies*, und

dot he coodent allow it dot she can *lif*." Und de *oder* fellers hollers out, "So ve vill;" "Gife her some deth;" "Kill her putty quick;" "Shmaek her of der jaw," und such dings; und chust as dey vill kill her, de priest says of dem, "Dond you do dot," und dey shtop dot putty quick. In der nexd seen, dot Leah meets Rudolph (dots her feller) in de voods. Before dot he comes in, she sits of de bottom of a cross, und she dond look pooty *lively*, und she says, "Rudolph, Rudolph, how is dot, dot you dond come und see about me? You didn't shpeak of me for tree days long. I vant to dold you vot it is, dot ain't some luf. I dond like dot." Vell, Rudolph he dond vas dere, so he coodent sed something. But ven he comes in, she dells of him dot she lufs him *orful*, und he says dot he guess he lufs her orful too, und vants to know vood she leef dot place, und go oud in some oder country mit him. Und she says, "I told you, I vill;" und he says, "Dot's all right," und he tells her he vill meet her soon, und dey vill go vay dogedder. Den he *kisses* her und goes oud, und she feels honkey dory bout dot.

Vell, in der nexd seen, Rudolph's old man finds oud all about dot, und he don'd feel putty *goot*; und he says of Rudolph, "Vood you leef *me*, und go mit dot gal?" und Rudolph feels putty bad. He don'd know vot he shall do. Und der old man he says, "I dold you vot I'll do. De skoolmaster (dot's de villen) says dot she might dook some money to go vay. Now, Rudolph, my poy, I'll gif de skoolmaster sum money to gif do her, und if she don'd dook dot money, I'll let you marry dot gal." Ven Rudolph hears dis, he ehumps mit joyness, und says, "Fader, fader, dot's all righd. Dot's pully. I baed you anydings she voodent dook dot money." Vell, de old man gif de skoolmaster de money, und dells him dot he shall offer dot of her. Vell, dot pluddy skoolmaster comes back und says dot Leah dook dot gold right away ven she didn't do dot. Den de old man says, "Didn't I told you so?" und Rudolph

gits so vild dot he svears dot she can't haf someding more to do mit him. So ven Leah vill meet him in de voods, he don'd vas dere, und she feels orful, und goes away. Bime-by she comes up to Rudolph's house. She feels putty bad, und she knocks of de door. De old man comes oud, und says, "Got out of dot, you orful vooman. Don'd you come round after my boy again, else I put you in de dooms." Und she says, "Chust let me see Rudolph vonce, und I vill vander away." So den Rudolph comes oud, und she wants to rush of his arms, but dot pluddy fool voodent allow dot. He chucks her away, und says, "Don'd you touch me, uf you please, you deccitfulness gal." I dold you vot it is, dot looks *ruff* for dot poor gal. Und she is extonished, und says, "Vot is dis about dot?" Und Rudolph, orful mad, says, "Got oudsiedt, you ignomonous vooman." Und she feels so orful she coodent said a vord, und she goes oud.

Afterwards, Rudolph gits married to anoder gal in a shurch. Vell, Leah, who is vandering eferyveres, happens to go in dot shurchyard to cry, chust at de *same* dime of Rudolph's marriage, vich she don'd know someding about. Putty soon she hears de organ, und she says dere is some beeples gitten married, und dot it vill do her unhappiness goot if she sees dot. So she looks in de vinder, und ven she sees who dot is, my graciousness, don'd she holler, und shvears vengeance. Putty soon Rudolph chumps oud in do der shurchyard to got some air. He says he don't feel putty good. Putty soon dey see each oder, und dey had a orful dime. He says of her, "Leah, how is dot you been here?" Und she says mit big scornfulness, "God oud of dot, you beat. How is dot, you got cheek to talk of me after dot vitch you hafe done?" Den he says, "Vell, vot for you dook dot gold, you false-hearted leetle gal?" und she says, "Vot gold is dot? I didn't dook some gold." Und he says, "Don'd you dold a lie about dot!" She says slowly, "I told you I didn't dook some gold. Vot gold

is dot?" Und den Rudolph tells her all about dot, und she says, "Dot is a orful *lie*. I didn't seen some gold;" und she adds mit much sarkasmness, "Und you believed I dook dot gold. Dot's de vorst I efer heered. Now, on account of dot, I vill gif you a few gurses." Und den she svears mit orful voices dot Mister Kain's gurse should git on him, und dot he coodent never git any happiness efery-vere, no matter vere he is. Den she valks off. Vell, den a long dime passes away, und den you see Rudolph's farm. He has got a nice vife, und a putiful leetle child. Purty soon Leah comes in, being shased, as ushual, by fellers mit shticks. She looks like she didn't ead someding for two monds. Rudolph's vife sends off dot mop, und Leah gits away again. Den dot nice leedle child comes oud, und Leah comes back; und ven she sees dot child, don'd she feel orful about dot, und she says mit affectfulness, "Come here, leedle child, I voodn'd harm you;" und dot nice leedle child goes righd up, und Leah chumps on her, und grabs her in her arms, und gries, und kisses her. Oh! my graciousness, don'd she gry about dot. You got to blow your noses righd away. I vant to dold you vat it is, dot looks pully.

Und den she says vile she gries, "Leedle childs, don'd you got some names?" Und dot leedle child shpeaks oud so nice, pless her leedle hard, und says, "Oh! yes. My name dot's Leah, und my papa tells me dot I shall pray for you efery nighd." Oh! my goodnessness, don'd Leah gry orful ven she hears dot. I dold you vat it is, dot's a shplaindid ding. Und quick comes dem tears in your eyes, und you look up ad de vall, so dot nobody can'd see dot, und you make oud you don'd care about it. But your eyes gits fullled up so quick dot you couldn'd keep dem in, und de tears comes down of your face like a shnow storm, und den you don'd care a tarn if efery body sees dot. Und Leah kisses her und gries like dot her heart's broke, und she dooks off dot gurse from Rudolph und goes away. De

child den dell her fader und muder about dot, und dey pring her back. Den dot mop comes back und vill kill her again, but she exposes dot skoolmaster, dot villain, und dot fixes him. Den she falls down in Rudolph's arms, und your eyes gits fulled up again, und you can'd see someding more. I like to haf as many glasses of beer as dere is gryin' chust now. You couldn't help dot any vay. Und if I see a gal vot don'd gry in dot piece, I voodn't marry dot gal, efen if her fader owned a pig prewery. Und if I see a feller vot don'd gry, I voodn't dook a trink of lager bier mit him. Vell, afder de piece is oud, you feel so bad, und so goot, dot you must ead a few pieces of hot stuff do drife away der plues. But I told you vat it is, dot's a pully piece, I baed you, don'd it?

"DOT FUNNY LEETLE BABY."

DUTCH DIALECT RECITATION.

Droo as I leve, most every day
 I laugh me vild to see de vay
 Dot shmalle young baby dry to blay,—
 Dot funny leetle baby.

Ven I looke of dem leetle toes,
 Und see dot funny leetle nose,
 Und hear de vay dot rooster crows,
 I shmile like I vas crazy.

Und ven I hear de real nice vay
 Dem vomens to my vife dey say,—
 "More like his fader every day,"
 I was so broud like plazes.

Sometimes dere comes a leetle squall;
 Dot's ven de vindy vind vill crawl
 Right und his leetle stomach shmalle:
 Now dot's doo bad for de baby.

Dot makes him sing at night so shweet,
 And gorry-barric ho must eat,

Und I must shump shpry on my feet
To help dot leetle baby.

He pulls my nose, und kicks my hair,
Und crawls me over everywhere,
Und slobbers me ; but vat I care?
Dot vas my shmalle young baby.

Around my neck dot leetle arm
Vas sqveezing me so nice und varm :
Mine Gott, may never coom some harm
To dot shmalle leetle baby !

SCHNITZERL'S PHILOSOPEDE.

BY HANS BREITMANN.

Hans Schnitzerl made a philosopede,
Vone of dot newest kind ;
It didn't have no vheel before ;
Und der vasn't none pehind.

Aber dere vas vone in de middle, dthough,
Dat's shust as sure as eggs ;
Und he shtraddled across dot axel,
Mit de vheel between his legs.

Und vhen he vants to shtart it off,
He paddled mit his feet,
Und soon he made it gone so fast
Dat eferytings he beat.

He took it out on Broadway vonce,
Und shkeeted like de vind.
Phew ! how he passed dot fancy schaps !
He leafed dem all pchind.

Dem fellers on dose shtylish nags
Pulled up to see him pass ;
Und der Deutschers, all ockstonished, cried,
"Potz tauzand ! Vas ist das ?"

But faster shtill Herr Schnitzerl flew—
On, mit a ghastly schmile ;

He didn't touch de ground, py Jinks,
Not vonce in half a mile.

So vas it mit Herr Schnitzerl
Und his philosopede;
His feet both shlippd right inside out
Vhen at its extra shpeed.

He falled upon dot vheel, of course;
Dot vheel like blitzen flew;
Und Schnitzerl, he vas schnit in vaet,
Dot schliced him grad in two.

NOOZELL AND THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

HUMOROUS READING—ITALIAN DIALECT.—BY AH-MIE.

Noozell was alone in his glory. His wife and family had gone out for a walk. He sat on his front-door step, meditatively surveying the clouds, when a native of sunny Italy stopped at his gate and insinuatingly asked, "Moosic?"

"No, sir-ee!" promptly answered Noozell, who is not at all partial to music.

But the Italian didn't leave. He looked intently at Noozell's face for some moments. Then he opened the gate, and with tears in his eyes, staggered up to Noozell, who had risen in alarm, and passionately embraced him. "It ees— it ees," he hysterically exclaimed, and then, completely overcome with his emotions, hung limp and lifeless upon the astonished Noozell.

"Dear me! this is awful!" groaned Noozell, borne down with the weight of a healthy Italian and a fifty-pound organ.

The Italian soon recovered and disengaged himself. But only for a moment. With a few inarticulate expressions in his native tongue, he embraced Noozell with renewed vigor, and almost smothered that harmless and peaceable citizen in the ardor of the act.

After repeating this several times he retired a few feet and looked admiringly at Noozell; while that ruffled individual sat down on the steps and manfully endeavored to regain his lost breath. After accomplishing this laudable undertaking sufficiently to look around, he found that several of his neighbors were enjoying the scene from their respective front-door steps. This aroused the lion in Noozell's bosom. He got up, and raising himself to his greatest height, thundered :

"You villain! you rascal! you thief! what does this mean?"

The tears again started from the Italian's eyes as he reproachfully said :

"Zis from ze man who safe ze life of my two sons, who is now both artists on ze hand-organ! Zis from ze man who pay ze doctor ven zay was sick! It ees too mooch!" And the stalwart Italian leaned against the fence and wept.

"My friend," said Noozell, who is a soft-hearted man, and who, on seeing the Italian's emotion, heartily regretted his harsh words, "you are mistaken. I am not the man."

"Not ze man?" repeated the Italian. "Oh yes you is! I know him. Zere is zot gumbile on your pretty face. Zat grooked nose. Zem big ears. Zem nice red hair. Oh no! I no can be mistake!"

Noozell sat down, perfectly speechless and stared blankly at the small but select audience of bootblacks who were enjoying the scene from the sidewalk.

"I am grateful," continued the Italian. "Gold and silver I hafe not; but what I hafe shall be yours. I play you a tune."

And he did; notwithstanding the fact that Noozell, in the most elegant pigeon-English, and the most frantic demonstrations a despairing mortal is capable of making, tried to make him understand that he was opposed to the motion.

He ground out that popular air, "The Marsellaise," a

tune that Noozell detests above all other tunes. So he spasmodically reached for his hair, and gazed around with a gloomy look on his face that furnished the highest possible enjoyment for the appreciative audience of boot-blacks.

"Ze nices moosic he can be," remarked the smiling musician.

Noozell didn't think so. When the Italian at length stopped to change the tune he pulled out a greenback and offered it to the Italian, saying :

"Enough—now go."

But the Italian waved his hand in a hurt manner. "Nothing. I am grateful," he simply said, and began grinding out more melody.

Noozell settled himself to his fate and quietly sat there for half an hour while the pleased Italian turned the crank with unremitting energy.

At the end of that time he got up and earnestly requested the enthusiastic Italian to stop. But that individual was too grateful to comply.

Then Noozell swung his arms around his head and jumped up and down the steps, and in despair called the Italian, the bootblacks, his neighbors, and everybody else who was looking on, "Bloated bond-holders!"

The Italian evidently mistook this for a token of approval and delightedly murmured, "Nices moosic he can be!"

Then Noozell, in his despair, unconsciously executed a neat double-shuffle, which the audience on the sidewalk vigorously applauded, to the intense delight of the Italian, who rapturously repeated, "Nices moosic he can be!" and turned the crank with ever-increasing speed.

At last Noozell, completely worn out with his efforts to induce the organist to leave, entered the house. His was a desperate resolve. He got down from the garret a thing that every well-regulated family inherits from a grandfather—an old gun. This he loaded with bird-shot, cocked it,

sprang nimbly to the open door with it, aimed at the Italian, who was still playing, and fired. A moment later there was music in the air—music a thousand times more terrible to Noozell’s ears than the most unearthly air ever ground out of any organ in existence—its component parts were the screams of his wife, the cries of his children, the shrieks of the lately smiling bootblacks, mingled with the shouts of the excited bystanders. For when the blood-thirsty Noozell shot at the musician, the former’s wife was just entering the gate, and in a moment would have been directly in front of the Italian, and out of danger. But as fate would have it, she was completely out of range of the Revolutionary relic, and, as a matter of course, received the full charge of bird-shot on her breast; but, luckily, she had on her new, fashionable buckle, so the shot glanced off and distributed itself impartially among the nearest bystanders.

Then to add to the confusion, two policemen marched Noozell off to the station-house to answer to the charge of shooting, with intent to kill. He was discharged, however, for want of evidence, for the Italian wisely staid away, and so escaped being scalped, a thing that Noozell expressed himself anxious to do.

So, to quote a popular saying, there was “nobody hurt.”

“DER DOG UND DER LOBSTER.”

FROM THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.—BY SAUL SERTREW.

Dot dog he vas dot kind of dog
 Vot ketch dot ret so sly,
 Und squeeze him mit his leetle teeth,
 Und den dot ret vas die.

Dot dog he vas onquisitive
 Vareffer he vas go,
 Und, like dot vooman, all der time
 Someding he vants to know.

"DER DOG UND DER LOBSTER."

Vone day, all by dot market-stand
 Vare fish und clams dey sell,
 Dot dog vas poke his nose about
 Und find out vat he smell.

Dot lobster he vas took dot snooze
 Mit von eye open vide,
 Und ven dot dog vas come along
 Dot lobster he vas spied.

Dot dog he smell him mit his nose,
 Und scratch him mit his paws,
 Und push dot lobster all about,
 Und vonder vot he vas.

Und den dot lobster he voke up,
 Und crawl yoost like dot snail,
 Und make vide open ov his claws
 Und grab dot doggie's tail.

Und den so quick as never vas
 Dot cry vent to der sky,
 Und, like dem swallows vot dey sing,
 Dot dog vas homeward fly.

Yoost like dot dunderbolt he vent—
 Der sight vas awful grand,
 Und every street dot dog vas turn
 Down vent dot apple-stand.

Der shildren cry, der vimmin scream,
 Der mens fall on der ground,
 Und dot boliceman mit his club
 Vas novare to pe found.

I make dot run und call dot dog,
 Und vistle awful kind ;
 Dot makes no difference vot I say,
 Dot dog don't look pehind.

Und pooty soon dot race vas end,
 Dot dog vas lost his tail—
 Dot lobster I vas took him home,
 Und cook him in dot pail.

Dot moral vas, I tole you 'boud,
Pefore vas neffer known—
Don't vant to find out too much dings
Dot vashn't ov your own!

HOW A FRENCHMAN ENTERTAINED JOHN BULL.

A HUMOROUS FRENCH STORY.

In years bygone, before the famous Rockaway Pavilion was built, the Half-Way House, at Jamaica, Long Island, used to be filled with travelers to the sea-shore, who put up there, and visited the beach, either in their own or in hired vehicles, during the day. One warm summer evening, when the house was unusually crowded, an Englishman rode up in a gig, and asked for accommodation for the night. The landlord replied that all his rooms were taken, and all his beds, except one, which was in a suite of rooms occupied by a French gentleman. "If you and Monsieur can agree to room together," said the landlord. "there is an excellent vacant bed there."

The traveler replied, "No, I cannot sleep in the same room with any d— Frenchman," and off he rode with all the grum looks of a real John Bull.

In about half an hour, however, he came back, saying that, as he could find no other lodgings, he believed he would have to accept the Frenchman as a room-mate. Meantime his first ill-natured remark had somehow reached the French gentleman's ears, and he resolved to pay off Johnny in his own coin.

On being shown to the apartment, the Englishman stalked in, in his accustomed haughty manner, while the Frenchman, as is usual with his nation, rose and received him with smiles and bows—in short, he was more precisely polite than usual—sarcastically so, a keen observer would have thought. Not a word passed between the two, but

soon the Englishman gave a pull at the bell-cord. The Frenchman quietly rose from his seat and gave the string two pulls. On the appearance of the waiter, Bull said: "Waiter, I want supper: order me a beefsteak, and a cup of tea."

The Frenchman instantly said: "Vataire, ordaire two cup tea, and two bifsteak; I vant two suppaire!"

Bull started and looked grum, but said nothing. The Frenchman elevated his eyebrows and took a huge pinch of snuff. When supper was ready, the two sat down and ate for a while in silence, when the Englishman said:

"Waiter, bring me a bottle of Burgundy."

The waiter started on his errand, but before reaching the door, the Frenchman called to him: "Vataire, come back here! you bring me two bottle Burgundy."

Bull knit his brows: Monsieur elevated his, shrugged his shoulders, and took another pinch of snuff. The wine was brought, and while quaffing it, the Englishman said:

"Waiter, bring me an apple tart, and a what d'ye call it, there—a Charlotte-de-Russe."

Monsieur then called to the waiter: "Bring me two of de apple tart, and two vat de diable you call him—Sh-Sh Sharlie-de-Ross."

Bull's patience was now exhausted, and before the last order could be executed, he started from his seat and rung the bell. The Frenchman went to the string and gave it two violent pulls. The waiter (who was almost convulsed with laughter) came hurrying back, when Bull roared out:

"Waiter, never mind the Charlotte-de-Russe; bring me up a bootjack and a pair of slippers."

The Frenchman responded—"Vataire, you no mind to bring two of de Sharlie-de-Ross, but you bring two slip-paire, and two shack-boot."

Before there was time to bring these articles, Bull had thoroughly lost his temper, and when the waiter appeared with them, he thundered out:

“Waiter, bring me a candle; and if you have no room in the house with a bed in it, besides this, show me a settee, or a lounge, or a couple of chairs, or, in short, any place where I can rest in peace by myself.”

Monsieur instantly called out: “Stop, vataire: you sall bring me two candle, and if you have no room vith two bed in him, you sall bring me two lounge, two settee, and two chair! by gar, I vill rest in two pieces!”

Bull could stand it no longer. He kicked the bootjack out of the way and made a rush for the door, banged his head in an attempt to open it, ran against the waiter at the head of the stairs, when both tumbled to the bottom, darted into the bar-room, paid his bill, and ordered up his horse and gig, swearing he would never sleep in the house with a mad Frenchman.

“Ah, ha!” exclaimed Monsieur, after Bull’s departure, “he no like von d— Frenchman, and I give him rasion to no like him. Morbleu! I sall get some sleeps to myself. C’est fait!” and he went quietly to bed.

SCHLOSSER'S RIDE.

A PARODY ON “SHERIDAN'S RIDE.”

Righd from der front one putiful day,
 Bringin' der rear some fresh dismay,
 A frightened sendinel brouhnd der news
 (He looked as if he vas scared like der doose,
 Der vay he kigged his legs so loose),
 Delling der rebels were coming aheadt,
 “Und shoothing like hell,” dot's vat he said.
 De gallant soldiers, I haf no doubd,
 Ad dis schweed news mid joy should shoud,
 Bud as der news vas spread about,
 Do dell der druth, dey looked down in der moud;
 Exbecially von boor Dudehman dere,
 Who, when he heard der guns in der air,
 Almost did durn himself gray hair.

Pore Schlosser didn't like id ad all,
 Do gid himself gud mid a cannon-ball.
 Und dalk as you may, dot Dutchman vas righd—
 In a baddle it's petter do bin oud of sight;
 Do been shod und exploded dot ain't much fun,
 So long as you hafe any chance for do run.
 Und as dose shells did bust around,
 Und knocked der soldiers on der ground,
 Exbloding mid a gentle sound,
 Dot Schlosser quick made ub his mind,
 De first goot horse dot he should find,
 He'd ride away as quick as der vind,
 Und leaf dot baddle far behint.
 Und soon he finds him a schblendid horse,
 Und chumbs on him midoud some pause;
 Den shburs his side mid his big heel,
 Und gallops from der baddle-field.
 Dere is a road righd near dot schbod,
 A first-rate road for a horse do drod,
 Und dere dot frightened Schlosser rides,
 Und kigs der poor horse in der sides,
 Und shreams so much at him besides;
 Der drees, der road, dey bass like a schod,
 Fadigue and exbosure dot cubble feel nod,
 Dey vish do get only away from dot schbod.
 Doo-forty dot horse he goes flyin' away;
 Der hills rise and fall, und Schlosser is gay,
 'Cause he is more as fife miles away.
 Shdill der hoofs of dot old nag
 For efen a minute did never lag;
 He strained him efery shdrengetd he got,
 Und Schlosser, as he on him sod,
 Vas heard to laugh in a cholly vay,
 'Cause now he vas den miles away.
 Und shdill old Schlosser pushed him aheadt,
 "I feel quite bedder now," he said,
 Und his face god baek ids natural red;
 But nod a minute did he stay,
 Und soon he was dwenty miles away.

So goot dot horse his duty done,
 Dot pefore de setting of der sun,
 He carried his rider—that son of a gun—
 Away from der sount of any gun.
 Und ven dot baddle was at ids dop,
 Und de swords mit awful noise did pop,
 Und de ground mit heldy blood did sop,
 Dot Schlosser as he rode along,
 He singed himself a funny song.
 He vasn'd dinkin' 'boud der fray—
 He vas more as a hundred miles away,
 Dree cheers! dree cheers! for Schlosser, bold.
 Four cheers! four cheers! for dot horse so old.

“HEZ” AND THE LANDLORD.

HUMOROUS YANKEE RECITATION.

In a quiet little Ohio village, many years ago, was a tavern where the stages always changed, and the passengers expected to get breakfast. The landlord of the said hotel was noted for his tricks upon travelers, who were allowed to get fairly seated at the table, when the driver would blow his horn (after taking his “horn,”) and sing out, “Stage ready, gentlemen!”—whereupon the passengers were obliged to hurry out to take their seats, leaving a scarcely-tasted breakfast behind them, for which, however, they had to fork over fifty cents. One day, when the stage was approaching the house of this obliging landlord, a passenger said that he had often heard of the landlord's trick, and he was afraid they would not be able to eat any breakfast.

“What!—how? No breakfast!” exclaimed the rest.

“Exactly so, gents, and you may as well keep your seats and tin.”

“Don't they expect passengers to breakfast?”

“Oh, yes! they expect you to it, but not to *eat* it. I am

under the impression that there is an understanding between the landlord and the driver, that for sundry and various drinks, etc., the latter starts before you can scarcely commence eating."

"What on earth air you all talking about? Ef you calklate I'm goin' to pay four-and-ninepence for my breakfast, and not get the valee on't, yo're mistakin," said a voice from a back seat, the owner of which was one Hezekiah Spaulding—though "tew hum" they call him "Hez" for short. "I'm goin' to get my breakfast here, and not pay nary red cent till I do."

"Then you'll be left."

"Not as you knows on, I won't."

"Well, we'll see," said the other, as the stage drove up to the door, and the landlord, ready "to do the hospitable," says:

"Breakfast just ready, gents! Take a wash, gents? Here's water, basins, towels and soap."

After performing the ablutions, they all proceeded to the dining-room, and commenced a fierce onslaught upon the edibles, though Hez took his time. Scarcely had they tasted their coffee, when they heard the unwelcome sound of the horn, and the driver exclaim: "Stage ready!" Up rise eight grumbling passengers, pay their fifty cents, and take their seats.

"All on board, gents?" inquired the host.

"One missing," said they.

Proceeding to the dining-room, the host finds Hez very coolly helping himself to an immense piece of steak, the size of a horse's hip.

"You'll be left, sir! Stage going to start!"

"Well, I hain't nothing to say agin it," drawled out Hez.

"Can't wait, sir—better take your seat."

"I'll be gall-darned ef I dew, nother, till I've got my breakfast! I paid for it, and I'm goin' to get the valee on't; and ef you calklate I hain't, you are mistakin."

So the stage did start, and left Hez, who continued his attack upon the edibles. Biscuits, coffee, etc., disappeared before the eyes of the astonished landlord.

“Say, squire, them there cakes is ’bout eat—fetch on another grist on ’em. You” (to the waiter,) “’nother cup of that ere coffee. Pass them eggs. Raise your own pork, squire? This is ’mazin’ nice ham. Land ’bout here tolerable cheap, squire? Hain’t much maple timber in these parts, hev ye? Dew right smart trade, squire, I calkelate?” And thus Hez kept quizzing the landlord until he had made a hearty meal.

“Say, squire, now I’m ’bout to conclude paying my *devowers* to this ere table, but jest give us a bowl of bread and milk to top off with, and I’d be much obleeged tew ye.”

So out go the landlord and waiter for the bowl, milk and bread, and set them before him.

“Spoon, tew, ef you please.”

But no spoon could be found. Landlord was sure he had plenty of silver ones lying on the table when the stage stopped.

“Say, dow ye? dew ye think them passengers is goin’ to pay ye for breakfuss and not get no *compensashun*?”

“Ah, what? Do you think any of the passengers took them?”

“Dew I *think*? No, I don’t think, but I’m sartin. Ef they air all as green as yew ’bout here, I’m goin’ to locate immediately, and tew wonst.”

The landlord rushes out to the stable, and starts a man off after the stage, which had gone about three miles. The man overtakes the stage, and says something to the driver in a low tone. He immediately turns back, and on arriving at the hotel, Hez comes out, takes his seat, and says:

“How air yew, gents? I’m rotted glad to see yew.”

“Can you point out the man you think has the spoons?” asked the landlord.

“Pint him out? Sartinly I ken. Say, squire, I paid yew four-and-ninepence for a breakfuss, and I calkelate I got the valee on’t! You’ll find them spoons in the coffee-pot.

“Go ahead! All aboard, driver.”

The landlord stared.

MINE KATRINE.

BY CHARLES F. ADAMS.

You wouldn’t dink mine *frau*—
 If you shust look at her now,
 Where der wrinkles on her prow
 Long haf been—
 Vas der *fraulein* blump und fair,
 Mit der vafy flaxen hair,
 Who did vonce mine heart enshnare—
 Mine Katrine.

Der dime seems shord to me
 Since we game acrosd der sea,
 To der goundry off der free
 Ve’d nefer seen;
 But ve hear de people say
 Dhere vas vork und blendy bay,
 So I shtarted right away
 Mit Katrine.

Oh, der shoy dot filled mine house
 When dot goot oldt Toeter Krauss
 Brought us “Leedle Yawcob Strauss,”
 Shveet und elean;
 Vy, I don’t pelief mine eyes,
 When I look now, mit surprise,
 On dot feller, shust der size
 Off Katrine.

Den “dot leedle babe off mine,”
 He vas grown so tall und fine—
 Shust so sdrait as any pine
 You efer seen;

Und der beoples all agree
 Sooch fine poys dey nefer see
 (Dey looks mooch more like me
 As Katrine.)

Vell, ve haf our criefs und shoys,
 Und dhere's naught our lofe destroys,
 Bud I miss dose leetle poys
 Dot used to been ;
 Und der tears vill somedime sdart,
 Und I feels so sick at heart,
 When I dinks I soon must part
 From Katrine.

Old Time vill soon pe here,
 Mit his sickle und his shpear,
 Und vill vhisper in mine ear
 Mit sober mien :

“ You musd coom along mit me,
 For it vas der Lord's decree ;
 Und von day dose poys you'll see,
 Und Katrine. ”

SQUIRE BILLINGS' PICKEREL.

A HUMOROUS RECITATION.

“ They a'n't no use o' talkin',” said Uncle Jerry Greening, “ fur a pick'rel is just the teenaishusset and voraisshusset fish they is.”

A party of fishermen were camped on the Rattlesnake Creek, near the celebrated Greening farm, in the best trout-fishing section of the Shohola region, in Pike County, Pa. The question of the voracity and tenacity of fish was being discussed over pipe and bowl, after a day's tramp of many miles. Old Uncle Jerry was present. The catfish, the eel, the black bass, the trout and pickerel each had its champion, and illustrative stories that must have made the bones of Munchausen turn and rattle in their grave were related to prove the superiority of each in the two

attributes mentioned. Uncle Jerry had taken but little part in the discussion, and the weight of argument seemed to be in favor of the catfish. Then the old fisherman came to the aid of the pickerel.

"A full-growed pick'rel, if 't's healthy," said Jerry, "I'll eat it's childurn and it's childurn's childurn to the tenth generation; 'n I'm durned 'f I a'n't seed one 't have got holt 'n his own tail somehow, 'n was tryin' his pootiest to git away with hisself. I take 't that a fish that hez sich a appetite 's that 'orter be put down 'mong them as hez 't least a inklin' of voraishusness. Is a pick'rel tenaishus? Wall, mebbe I don't know zactly what tenaishus is; but I've cotched pick'rel through the ice, throwed 'em out and seed 'em flop round till they froze stiff; kep 'em two 'r three days, then carried 'em twenty mile to git home, 'n chucked 'em on the kitchen floor till I k'd git ready to clean 'em. I've seed these same fish lay thar by the stove, 'bout five minutes, 'n then begin to gap and work their gills, 'n pooty soon go to floppin' and skippin' round the room, with their jaws open like a young alligator, 'n wouldn't be still till I hit 'em in th' head wi' an axe. Mebbe Dan'l Webster's dictionary don't call that tenaishus, but 'f 'ta'n't 't's pooty durn nigh on to it, a'n't it, boys?"

The boys could scarcely help allowing that there was at least a suspicion of tenacity about a pickerel guilty of such conduct.

"Guess I never tole you 'bout ole Squire Billins' pick'rel that he had onst, did I? Wall, boys, *thar* was a *fish*. Mebbe you won't believe this story, but it's true 's preachin', 'n 'f you ever see the ole squire he'll tell you same thing. He kep' the pick'rel in a spring in a pastur' on his farm. It wa'n't more 'n a foot'n a half long, the pick'rel wa'n't, but he were 's commojus as a ten-acre lot. Durned 'f I ha'nt gone t' that spring with a twelve-quart pail full o' liver, and after feedin' it all to ole Teetotaller—they called him Teetotaller, 'cause he never got full—he'd

snap his jaws and tear 'round in that spring till she b'iled, 'cause there wa'n't any more liver comin' to him. The cows 't fed in th' lot got so they was 'fraid to go up an' drink in the spring 'cause Teetotaller chawed their noses. He'd tackle anything. Ole squire lef' a subsile plough layin' near th' spring one night, and nex' mornin' 'twere gone. They allus blamed a feller 't lived over that way wi' stealin' it, but *I* tell you he's innercent. That durn pick'rel eat that plough!

“Wall, anyhow, the squire bought a new cow one day, an' turned 'er in the spring lot; I were thar, an' me an' the ole man war leanin' on the fence lookin' at th' new cow. She fed round a while, an' then walks over t' th' spring to drink. She drunk, and turns round and stands still, a swishin' an' swoshin' her tail in the spring. She were a nice fat critter, an' ole Teetotaller liked the looks of 'er, an' made up his mind to eat 'er up. So he waltzes over to that side o' the spring, an' when the cow's tail came down inter it ag'in, he closes on it like b'ar trap. Did that cow beller? Some, I think. An' then she guv one jump an' ole Teetotaller come out'n that spring 's 'f he had been fired out'n a cannon. An' roun' that lot they went, the cow a bellerin' an' humpin' her back, an' lookin' 's if the worthlessness of this h'yer mundane spear hed never struck 'er so forc'ble afore, while Teetotaller were a takin' up the slack in 'er tail about a foot at every jump. They hedn't made more'n one circuit o' the lot afore the pick'rel had put hissself outside o' all that cow's tail, but in makin' a grab fur 'er rump, he missed his holt and come t' th' ground kerflummix.

““By the horned spoon!” said the ole squire, ‘ that settles Teetotaller!’

“We runned over 't whar he fell, 'spectin', o' course, t' fin' him deader'n a June shad. But, boys—you may ask the squire, 'n he'll tell you the same thing—if that durn fish wa'n't a raisin' up and tryin' to see which way that cow

had gone, an a spittin' out cow's hair enough to mix a hod o' plaster, I hope I'll never see the back o' my neck! One o' Teetotaller's eyes were out, and there were a hand-ful 'r two o' meat scooped out'n his back; but we carried him t' th' spring an' put him in, an' 'twere all we k'd do to keep him from jumpin' out 'n goin' cross-lots arter that cow, he were so durn mad an dis'p'inted. He got quieted down in time, but that cow never went within ten rod o' the spring after that. The pick'rel, I'm tellin' you, is a durn teenaishus and voraishus inse'."

And no one offered to dispute the superiority of Uncle Jerry's favorite.

"But, Uncle Jerry," said one of us, "what ever became of Teetotaller? Is he living yet?"

"No, boys, he a'n't. His voraishusness were too many fur his teenaishusness. Th' ole squire got t' thinkin' a couple year ago that the durn fish were costin' a good deal to keep, so he cut down his rations to eight quarts o' thick milk and ten poun's o' liver a day. You'd nat'rally s'pose that were 'nuff for any fish. Now, a catfish'd live to be a thousan' year ole on that fodder. But Teetotaller's constitution required a considerable nourishment, an' one mornin' 'bout three months arter the reduced rations commenced they found him floatin' in the spring wi' his belly turned t' th' sun. He were deader'n a snared pheasant. The ole squire sed he'd been pizened. There wa'n't no more pizen 'bout him th'n they is 'bout a garter snake. He were starved to death, boys, he were, certain!"

MAUD MULLER.

DUTCH DIALECT.

Maud Muller, von summer afternoon

Vas dending bar in her fadder's saloon.

She solt dot bier, und singed "Shoo Fly,"

Und vinked at der men mit her lefd eye.

But ven she looked oud on der shdreed,
 Und saw dem gals all dressed so shweed,
 Her song gifed out on a ubber note,
 Cause she had such a hoss in her troat ;
 Und she vished she had shdamps to shpend,
 So she might git such a Grecian Bend.
 Hans Brinker valked shlowly down der shdreed,
 Shmilin' at all der gals he'd meed ;
 Old Hans vas rich—as I been dold,—
 Had houses und lots, und a barrel of gold.
 He shdopped py der door, und pooty soon
 He valked righd indo dot bier saloon.
 Und he vinked at Maud, und said, " My Dear,
 Gif me, of you pplease, a glass of bier."
 She vend to der pplace vere der bier keg shtood,
 Und pringed him a glass dot vas fresh und goot.
 " Dot's goot," said Hans, " dot's a better drink
 As effer I had in mine life, I dink."
 He dalked for a vwhile, den said, " Goot day,"
 Und up der shdreet he dook his vay.
 Maud hofed a sigh, and said, " Oh, how
 I'de like to been dot olt man's frow,
 Such shplendid close I den vood veer,
 Dot all the gals around vood shdare.
 In dot Central Park I'd drive all tay,
 Und efery evenin' go to der blay.
 Hans Brinker, doo, felt almighty gweer,
 (But dot mite peen von trinkin' beer.)
 Und he says to himself, as he valked along,
 Hummin' der dune of a olt lofe song,
 " Dot's der finest gal I efer did see,
 Und I vish dot she my wife cood be."
 But here his solillogy came to an end,
 As he dinked of der gold dot she might shbend ;
 Und he maked up his mind dot as for him,
 He'd marry a gal mit lots of " din."
 So he vent righd off dot fery day,
 Und married a vooman olt und gray.
 He vishes now, but all in vain,
 Dot he vas free to marry again ;

Free as he vas dot afdernoon,
 Ven he med Maud Muller in der bier saloon.
 Maud married a man without some "soap"—
 He vas lazy doo—but she did hope
 Dot he'd get bedder when shildren came ;
 But vhen dey had, he vas yoost der same.
 Und ofden now dem dears vill come,
 As she sits alone ven her day's vork's done,
 Und dinks of der day Hans called her "my dear,"
 Und asked her for a glass of bier ;
 But she don'd comblain, nor efer has,
 Und oney says, "Dot coodn't vas."

MR. ROGERS AND MONSIEUR DENISE.

A CELEBRATED COMIC RECITATION.

At Abbeville I resolved to pass the night ; on entering the public room I perceived two persons at the farther end quarreling. These were Mr. Rogers, a countryman of my own, in a sickly state of health, who was traveling to Calais by easy stages, and was advised by his physicians by all means to avoid quarrels and causes of irritation and annoyance ; the other was Mons. Denise, who, out of pure friendship, had accompanied him all the way from Paris, and was to return the next day to deliver a course of lectures on England and its Language. They had a sincere regard for each other, and the only cause for disagreement between them was Mr. Rogers' entire disregard of the French language. Denise, whose ideas of the delicacies of the French pronunciation led him continually to correct the errors of his friend ; and as he was continually at it, it had become a regular system ; Mr. Rogers, from his bad state of health, was so little able to bear an irritation of temper, or, as we say, a wearing of the spirits, that it had come to an open rupture ; and as I entered the room they were just on the point of reconciliation, after a suitable concession on the part of Mons. Denise. A mutual friend had just

brought about a reconciliation, but it was on an understanding that Mons. Denise should not once more interrupt his friend,—Rogers had given him his hand, and was addressing him thus :

“There! it’s all over now—don’t be at it any more—never mind—what does it matter now whether I say *u*, or *eu*?—How can you do so?—why do you perpetually torment me with *u* and *e-se*?”

“Mais, Monsieur *Rogere*, my dear fren, Mons. *Rogere*, voulez vous avoir la delicatesses de parler comme il faut—dites eus, pas *use*, la delicatesses.”

“Delicate fiddlestick! now, how can you expect me to go about all day twisting my mouth up as if I was blowing in a fife? You’ll be the death of me with your infernal *ouse* and *ees*. Now do you drop the subject! or I will go out of the room.”

The conversation continued about an hour, during which time Mr. Rogers barbarously murdered several French words. Denise sat riding on his chair, with most heroic fortitude, suppressing his critical propensities; at last, Mr. Rogers had occasion to mention a person who was well known, which he pronounced *bane cano*; at which Denise, rising from his chair :

“Oh, sacre! I bear great deal—but dat is too much. O! my dear fren, Mons. *Rogere*, I promise not to correct you any more—you say *cano*. Ah, voulez vous, you should say *bien connue*—euf, e-u-f. Monsieur *Rogere*, dat is forty-eight mistakes you make since you leave Paris.”

“Devil take it! there, you are at it again! you are determined to be the death of me—and if you come to that you shouldn’t call me *Rogere*, when my name is Rogers.”

Denise drew a paper from his pocket, and began to enumerate and expatiate on the enormity of the other forty-seven. Rogers, gaining strength from despair, seized a candlestick in one hand, and his friend’s hand in the

other, saying: "Ay, I see you are bent upon killing me—good-night, I am going to bed; you'll be on your journey back to Paris in the morning before I rise—good-by; we shall not see each other a long time again—perhaps never. Let's part good friends—good-night!"

"Ah, Monsieur Rogers, my dear friend, *bon voyage*, Monsieur; adieu, Monsieur *Rogere*."

"ADIU DENIS!" replied Rogers, and immediately left the room. Denise, at this pronounciation, walked backwards and forwards, groaning most piteously.

After supper, on inquiring for a bed, I was informed the only one to spare was in a double-bedded room, occupied by my countryman, Rogers. There was no alternative, and I was obliged to accept it. About three in the morning I was awakened by a tremendous knocking at the door. "Who is there?"

"Pardonnez moi, Messieurs! Ah, ah, Monsieur *Rogere*!"
(*Knocking.*)

"Who's there? What do you want?"

"It is not you I want, sare, go to your sleep. Go to your sleep, sare, it is my friend Monsieur *Rogere* I want. Where de devil shall I find him? it as as dark as de pitch."
(*Still knocking.*)

"Your friend, Mr. Rogers, is in this room; shall I wake him?"

"No, sare, do not give yourself de trouble to wake, I shall wake him myself. (*Still knocking.*) Go to your sleep: I have wake seven gentlemen this night, not one of which shall be him."

At which Rogers got out of bed and opened the door, saying, "Holloa! what's the matter? who's there?"

"Ah, Monsieur *Rogere*!"

"What, it's you, Denis, is it? what the devil can you want at this time of night? ay, you eternal torment, you wet blanket, you croaking raven."

"Ah! Monsieur *Rogere*, my dear friend, last night you

say to me, Adieu Denis! Voulez-vous should say, Adi-e-u Denise? i-s-e, a-d-i-e-u D-e-n-i-s-e!"

"Oh, the devil! what, are you at it again? Am I to be deprived of my natural rest for your infernal o-u-s-e and e-s-e?"

"Ah, Monsieur *Rogere*, my dear friend, I promise not to correct you any more; but I could not get a wink of my sleep for fear you should forget this is the forty-ninth mistake you make since you left Paris. Adieu, Monsieur Rogere, adieu, my dear friend; bon voyage."

Poor Denise having eased his mind of the burden that had oppressed him during the early part of the night, now took his leave, and in the morning I followed his example.

EIN DEUTSCHES LIED.

A PARODY ON "EXCELSIOR."—DUTCH DIALECT.

The schades of night vas falling down,
Offer der roofs in dis 'ere town,
Ven up der schtreet vas valking slow
A Deitscher gal vich I did know,
Von Germany.

I saw her, und, mit a pooty quick step,
I got me right away und zoon ve met,
Und durning round she said to me,
"Vas! Crouple John in dis gountry?
My koodness."

Ve valked along und mit much joy,
She cried out "there's the very poy
Vat I vaited pooty long to see;
Youst one minute," she said to me,
"Exkooze me."

Of gourse I don't vos can refuse,
Und didn't vos got nudder vay to choose;
So rite away quick she makes a bow,
Und left me standing dhere somehow,
I don't can told you.

'Dwas der longest minute I ever seed,
 Pefore nor pehint so longer's I leifed ;
 I strained mine eyes mit all mine might,
 Und saw her almost out of sight
 Mit der veller.

Dunder und blixen ! vasn't I mad ;
 Of I hat dat veller I bounch his 'ead ;
 So quick as I getch 'im, I dolt you so,
 I maker his eye so placker ash plue.
 I dolt you dot !

I dolt you yoosh vat I shall do,
 I drowns myself, und so vould you ;
 I make me rite avay to de river, bolt,
 But I dinks me youst now der vater's too colt.
 I vaits till zommer.

But exberience und visdom must always be pought.
 It vas yoost so goot Deitch gals ash effer vos kot ;
 Und I von't drown myself for Katherine yet,
 Pekause I finds me der vater's too vet,
 Vot a beebles vot a gountry.

HANS AND FRITZ.

BY C. F. ADAMS.

Hans and Fritz were two Deutchers who lived side by side,
 Remote from the world, its deceit and its pride ;
 With their pretzels and beer the spare moments were spent,
 And the fruits of their labor were peace and content.

Hans purchased a horse of a neighbor one day,
 And, lacking a part of the *geld*—as they say—
 Made a call upon Fritz to solicit a loan
 To help him to pay for his beautiful roan.

Fritz kindly consented the money to lend,
 And gave the required amount to his friend ;
 Remarking—his own simple language to quote—
 “ Berhaps it vas bedder ve make us a note.”

The note was drawn up in their primitive way—

“ I, Hans, gets from Fritz feesty tollars to-day ”—

When the question arose, the note being made,

“ Vich von holds dot baper until it vas baid ? ”

“ You geeps dot,” says Fritz, “ und den you vill know

You owes me dot money.” Says Hans. “ Dot ish so ;

Dot makes me remempers I haf dot to bay,

Und I prings you der note und der money some day.”

A month had expired, when Hans, as agreed,

Paid baek the amount, and from debt he was freed.

Says Fritz, “ Now dot settles us.” Hans replied, “ Yaw ;

Now who dakes dot baper accordings by law ? ”

“ I geeps dot, now, aind’t it ? ” says Fritz ; “ den you see

I always remempers you baid dot to me.”

Says Hans, “ Dot ish so, it vas now shust so blain

Dot I knows vot to do ven I porrows again.”

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE LANDLORD.

COMIC FRENCH DIALECT RECITATION.

A shrewd and wealthy old landlord, away down in Maine, is noted for driving his “ sharp bargains,” by which he has amassed a large amount of property. He is the owner of a large number of dwelling-houses, and it is said of him that he is not over-scrupulous of his rental charges, whenever he can find a customer whom he knows to be responsible. His object is to lease his house for a term of years to the best tenants, and get the uttermost farthing in the shape of rent.

A diminutive Frenchman called on him last winter, to hire a dwelling he owned in Portland, and which had long remained empty. References were given, and the landlord, ascertaining that the tenant was a man “ after his own heart,” immediately commenced to “ Jew ” him. He found

that the tenement appeared to suit the Frenchman, and he placed an exorbitant price upon it; the leases were drawn and duly executed, and the tenant removed into his new quarters.

Upon kindling fires in the house, it was found that the chimneys wouldn't "draw," and the building was filled with smoke. The window-sashes rattled in the wind at night, and the cold air rushed through a hundred crevices about the house until now unnoticed. The snow melted upon the roof, and the attics were drenched from the leakage. The rain pelted, and our Frenchman found a "natural" bath-room upon the second floor—but the lease was signed and the landlord chuckled.

"I have been vat you sall call 'suck in,' vis zis dam *maison*," muttered our victim to himself a week afterwards, "but *n'importe*, ve sal see vat ve *sal* see."

Next morning he arose bright and early, and passing down he encountered the landlord.

"Ah, ha!—*Bon jour, monsieur*," said he, in his happiest manner.

"Good-day, sir. How do you like your house?"

"Ah! monsieur—elegant, beautiful, magnificent. *Eh bien*, monsieur, I have ze one regret!"

"Ah! What is that?"

"I sal live in zat house but tree little year."

"How so?"

"I have find by vot you call ze lease, zat you have give me ze house but for tree year, and I ver mooch sorrow for zat."

"But you can have it longer if you wish—"

"Ah, monsieur, sal be ver mooch glad if I can have zat house *so long as I please*—eh—monsieur?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly, sir."

"*Tres bien*, monsieur! I sal valk rite to your offees, an you sal give me vot you call ze lease for that *maison jes so long as I sal vant the house*. Eh, monsieur?"

“Certainly, sir. You can stay there your lifetime, if you like.”

“Ah, monsieur—I have ver mooch tanks for zis accommodation.”

The old lease was destroyed and a new one was delivered in form to the French gentleman, giving him possession of the premises for “such a period as the lessee may desire the same, he paying the rent promptly, etc.”

The next morning our crafty landlord was passing the house just as the Frenchman’s last load of furniture was being started from the door; an hour afterwards, a messenger called on him with a legal tender, for the rent for eight days, accompanied with a note as follows:

“Monsieur—I have been smoke—I have been drowned—I have been frees to death, in ze house vat I av hire of you for ze period as I may desire. I have stay in ze dam house *jes so long as I please*, and ze bearer of zis vill give you ze key! *Bon jour*, monsieur.”

It is needless to add that our landlord has never since been known to give up “a bird in the hand for one in the bush.”

DEACON THRUSH IN MEETING.

LETTER FROM HANNAH BROWN TO SISTER HULDAH.—FROM HARPER’S BAZAR.

DEAR HULDY: I must tell you ’bout the way that our new deacon Has sot the church folks by the ears—to use that mode o’ speakin’. It’s just that orful voice of his’n— But, law! I’d best begin And tell my story straight ahead, or else things won’t fit in. Last spring we thought that we *was* blessed, to think that Deacon Thrush

Was comin’ up from Simpkinsville to live in Cedarbrush. “He’ll be a piller in our church,” says father, the first thing. I wish he was a piller, Huldy, for then he couldn’t *sing*. He bought the Joneses’ farm, you know, and moved in last of May, But that first time he come to church—I can’t forgit that day. The openin’ hymn was skursly read, the choir was just a-risin’, When everybody turned and looked, a sound came so surprisin’.

'Twas somethin' like the old church bell, 'twas somethin' like the
ocean,

'Twas most like 'Bijah Morrow's bull, accordin' to *my* notion.
It fairly drowned my playin' out; it left the tune behind:
I never thought that such a voice could come from human kind.
Like thunder-claps and factory gear through all our heads 'twas
ringin',

And, Huldy, it was nothin' else than Deacon Thrush a-singin'!
Yes, there he sot, with book in hand, as peaceful and as calm
As if he thought his dooty lay in murd'rin' that poor psalm.
He never see the old folks' smiles, he never heerd the giggle
That went up from the gallery. I watched our parson wriggle
And fidget in the pulpit, while poor father's head was shakin';
But on went Deacon Thrush, and seemed real comfort to be takin'.
And when we stopped he couldn't stop, he'd got sech headway on!
His voice went boomin' up and down, and flattin' so forlorn
That, though he tried to choke it off, it mixed up with the text,
And made poor Parson Edwards skip his words, and then look
vexed.

I couldn't hear that sermon, Huldy; my thoughts was all astray,
A-wonderin' ef Deacon Thrush would sing agen that day.
I might have spared my thinkin', though, for that misguided
man

Just started off the same old way before the rest began.
But when the second verse was reached, the choir put down their
books;

I stopped my playin'; back and forth we cast despairin' looks;
The boys set up to laugh agen; the parson raised his hand
And shouted, but the noise was sech we couldn't understand;
While Deacon Thrush was leanin' back, his eyelids nearly closin',
A-singin' like an angel on a bed of clouds reposin'.

I'll have to cut my story short. Next day they called a meetin',
Resolved to keep poor Deacon Thrush sech singin' from repeatin'.
They 'p'inted Uncle Job to go with father and request
That Deacon Thrush would kindly leave the singin' to the rest.
Perhaps you think he took the hint? Then, Huldy, you're mis-
taken.

He listened till they'd said their say, then, with the smiles a-
breakin',

He answered, jest as cheerfully, " Yes, brethering—yes, I know I have my faults: I sometimes git the tune a *lectle* slow, And sometimes, tryin' to ketch up, I take an extry flight, But takin' one verse with the next, that makes things jest come right.

Now when you ask me not to sing, why, breth'ring, I can't do it: Singin' 's my dooty and delight, and I must jest pursue it. And while I tread this vale of tears, a sinful child of dust, Rejoicin' is my privilege—rejoice I will and must."

Well, 'twan't no use, as Uncle Job and father said next day; The deacon, though a pious man, was sot in his own way. He's sung in meetin' ever sence—there's not a seat to spare; And, oh! sech sinful whisperin' and nudgin' everywhere! Then, when the hymns is given out, you'll hear a general " Hush!" While everybody's eyes and ears is turned to Deacon Thrush. He's skeered the little children so that most of 'em keeps cryin'; The very horses in the shed won't stand no more 'thout tyin'; He makes the onconverted laugh, while godly souls are grievin', And yet he's such a Christian man, it's almost past believin'; They're talkin' now of tryin' law, but father he opposes, And so I'll write agen next week to tell you how it closes.

P. S.

Oh, Huldy! sech a cur'us thing! As Deacon Thrush was bringin' His apples home, he thought to cheer the way by sacred singin'. His team took fright and ran away. The neighbors found him lyin' All in a heap, and took him home, and now the good man's dyin'. And, Huldy, ef it isn't wrong, I'm glad to think he's goin' Where all the folks know how to sing, and he can get a showin'.

SCHNEIDER'S TOMATOES.

BY CHAS. F. ADAMS.

Schneider is very fond of tomatoes. Schneider has a friend in the country who raises "garden sass and sich." Schneider had an invitation to visit his friend last week, and regale himself on his favorite vegetable. His friend Pfeiffer being busy negotiating with a city produce dealer

on his arrival, Schneider thought he would take a stroll in the garden and see some of his favorites in their pristine beauty. We will let him tell the rest of his story in his own language.

“Vell, I valks shust a liddle while roundt, when I sees some of dose dermarters vot vos so red und nice as I nefer dit see any more, und I dinks I vill put mineself outside about a gouple-a-tozen, shust to geef me a liddle abbedite vor dinner. So I bulls off von ov der reddest und pest lookin’ of dose dermarters, und dakes a pooty goot bite out of dot, und vas chewing it oup pooty quick, ven—by chiminy!—I dort I had a peese ov red-hot goals in mine mout, or vas chewing oup dwo or dree bapers of needles; und I velt so pad, already, dot mine eyes vas vool of tears, und I mate vor an ‘olt oken bucket’ vot I seen hanging in der vell, as I vas goomin’ along.

“Shust den mine vriend Pfeiffer game oup und ask me vot mate me veel so pad, und if any of mine vamily vas dead. I dold him dot I vos der only von ov der vamily dot vas pooty sick; und den I ask him vot kind of dermarters dose vas vot I hat shust been bicking; unt, mine cracious, how dot landsman laughft, und said dot dose vas *red peppers* dot he vas raising vor bepper-sauce. You pet my life I vas mat. I radder you give me feefly tollars as to eat some more of dose bepper-sauce dermarters.”

DEITSCHÉ ADVERTISEMENT.

BY C. TOLER WOLFE.

Mine horse is shloped, and I’m avraid
 He has been taken, shtolen or shtrayed;
 Mine pig plack horse dat looks so sphry,
 Pout fourteen odor twelve hands high;
 He hash been got shoot four feet plack,
 Mit shtriped shpots all down his pack,
 Two legs before and two behind—

Pe sure you keep all this in mind.
 He's plack all over, dat is true,
 All but his vace, and dat's plack too ;
 He drots and ganters, vaux and paces,
 And outvorks Pelzepub in draces ;
 And ven he gallops in der shtreet
 He vaux upon his legs and feet ;
 Von leg goes down, and den the oder,
 Und always follows von anoder ;
 He hash two ears shtuck 'pon his head,
 Bote of dem's neider vite nor red,
 But bote alike, shust von you see,
 Ish placker than the oder pe ;
 He's got two eyes dat looks von vay,
 Only he lost one toder day,
 So, ven you vonts to take a ride,
 Shump on his pack on toder side,
 And it is shust as gospel drue,
 His eye vat's plind will not see you.
 His dail's behind him long and shleek,
 Only I cut him off last veek,
 Und derefore 'tis not any more
 As half so longer as pefore.
 He cocks his ear and look so gay,
 Und vill not shtart and run away,
 But ven he's scart, he make von shpring,
 Und shumps apout like every ding ;
 He rides apout mit chaise and cart,
 I never see such horse for smart ;
 Und somedimes he go on de road,
 Mitout nopody for his load
 But pag of corn, and takes de track,
 Mit little poy upon his pack.
 Mine horse ish not so very old,
 Not half so young as ven he's foaled,
 And ven he gallop, rear or shump,
 His head come all pefore him plump.
 And den his dail goes all behind ;
 Put sometimes, ven he takes a mind,

Gets mad and durns all around, be shure
 Vy den his dail goes all pefore.
 Whoever vill my plack horse got,
 Shall pay ten dollars on the shpot,
 And if he prings der tief alive,
 Vy den he pays me twenty-five,
 Mitout no questions axed py me.
 By mine advertisement you'll see
 I live out here by Schneider Gap,
 Near Schotofflefunks.

THE YANKEE FIRESIDE.

A CELEBRATED YANKEE RECITATION.

I need not occupy your time by describing minutely what I mean by a Yankee fireside. It is sufficient to say that it consists of one of those old-fashioned fire-places where they use the wood without splitting or sawing, and throw on from a quarter to a half cord of wood at a time; and where there is sufficient room under the jams for a dozen little children to sit down and warm their little feet before going to bed.

It was at one of these firesides that I happened to drop in on a cold winter's night, and witnessed the scene I am about to relate.

The heads of the family were a Mr. and Mrs. Jones, who were honored that evening with a visit from a plain sort of a man, who told me, in course of conversation, that he taught school in winter, and hired out in haying time. What this man's name was, I don't exactly recollect. It might have been Smith; and for conveniency's sake we will call his name *John Smith*. This Mr. Smith brought a newspaper with him, which was printed weekly—which Mr. Jones said, as it did not agree with his politics, was a very weakly *consarn*.

Mr. Jones was seated on one side of an old pine table,

and Mr. Smith on the other. Mrs. Jones sat knitting in one corner, and the children under the fire-place—some cracking nuts, others whittling sticks, etc. Mr. Jones, after perusing the paper for some time, observed to Mrs. Jones, “My dear.”

MRS. JONES.—“Well.”

MR. J.—“It appears—”

MRS. J.—“Well, go on.”

MR. J.—“I say it appears—”

MRS. J.—“Well, law souls! I heard it; go on.”

MR. J.—“I say it appears from a paragraph—”

MRS. J.—“Well, it don’t appear as if you are ever goin’ to make it appear.”

MR. J.—“I say it appears from a paragraph in this paper—”

MRS. J.—“There! there you go agin! Why on airth, Jones, don’t you out with it?”

MR. J.—“I say it appears from a paragraph in this paper that—”

MRS. J.—“Well, I declare, Jones, you are enough to tire the patience of Job! Why on airth don’t you out with it?”

MR. J.—“Mrs. Jones, will you be quiet? If you get my dander up, I’ll raise Satan round this house, and you know it tue. Mr. Smith, you must excuse me; I’m ’bliged to be a little peremptory to my wife; for if you wasn’t here, she’d lick me like all natur’. Well, as I said, it appears from this paper that Seth Slope—you know’d Seth Slope, that used to be round here?”

MRS. J.—“Yes, well, go on; out with it.”

MR. J.—“You know he went on a whalin’ voyage.”

MRS. J.—“Yes, well?”

MR. J.—“Well, it appears he was setting on the starn of the vessel, when the vessel give a lee lurch, and he was knocked overboard, and hain’t written to his friends since.”

MRS. J.—“La, souls!—you don’t say.”

Before going farther, I will endeavor to give you some idea of Seth Slope. He was what they term, down east, a poor shote; his principal business was picking up chips, feeding the hogs, etc. I will represent him with this hat. (*Puts on an old hat.*)

“Mrs. Jones says I don’t know nothin’, and Mr. Jones says I don’t know nothin’—(*laughs*)—and everybody says I don’t know nothin’; and I say I *do* know nothin’.—(*laughs.*) Don’t I pick up all the chips to make a fire?—And—and don’t I feed the hogs, and the ducks, and the hens?—(*laughs.*) And don’t I go down to the store every mornin’ for a jug o’ rum? And don’t I always take a good suck myself? I don’t know nothin’—ha!—(*laughs.*) And don’t I go to church every Sunday, and don’t I go upstairs? and when the folks gets asleep, don’t I throw corn at ’em, and wake ’em up? And don’t I see the fellers winkin’ at the gals, and the gals winkin’ at the fellers? And don’t I go home and tell the old folks? And when they come home, don’t the old folks kick up gooseberry with ’em?—(*laughs.*) And don’t I drive the hogs out of the garden to keep ’em from rootin’ up the taters? And don’t I git asleep there sometimes, and don’t they root *me* up?—(*laughs.*) And didn’t I see a fly on Deacon Stokes’ red nose t’other day, and didn’t I say, ‘Take care, Deacon Stokes, you’ll burn his feet!’ I don’t know nothin’, eh?” (*laughs.*)

This Mrs. Jones I have spoken of was a very good sort of a woman; and Mr. Jones was also considered a very good sort of a man—but was rather fond of the bottle. On one occasion I recollect particularly he had been to a muster, and came home so much intoxicated that he could hardly stand, and was obliged to lean against the chimney-place to prevent himself from falling. And Mrs. Jones says to him: “Now, Jones, ain’t you ashamed of your-

self?—Where on airth do you think you'd go to if you was to die in that sitewation?"

JONES—(*very drunk*)—"Well, I don't know where I should go to; but I shouldn't go fur without I could go faster than I do now."

As soon as Mr. Jones had finished the paragraph in the paper, Mrs. Jones threw on her shawl and went over to her neighbors to communicate the news. I will endeavor to give a better idea of this Mrs. Jones by assuming a shawl and cap. (*Puts on shawl and cap.*)

"Well, Mrs. Smith, I 'spose you hain't heard the news." "La, no! What on airth is it?" "You recollect Seth Slope, that use to be about here?" "Yes, well?" "You know he went out on a whalin' voyage?" "Yes." "Well, it appears from an advartisement in the paper that he was settin' on the starn of the vessel, when the vessel give a lee lurch, and he was sent overboard and drowned, and hain't written to his friends since. Oh, dear! it's dreadful to think on. Poor crittur! he was sich a good-natured, clever soul. I recollect when he was about here, how he use to come in the house and set down, and get up and go out. Then he'd go down to the barn, and throw some hay to the critters, and then he'd come in the house agin, and git up and go out, and go down to the store and git a jug of rum, and sometimes he'd take a leetle suck on't himself. But lor souls! I never cared nothin' at all about that. Good, clever critter! Then arter he'd come back with the rum, he'd sit down a little while, and git up and go out and pick up chips, and drive the hogs out of the garden; and then he'd come in the house, and kick over the swill-pail, and set down and stick his feet over the mantel-piece, and whittle all over the harth, and spit tobacco-juice all over the carpet, and blow his nose in the buckwheat cakes, and make himself *so sociable!* And poor feller! now he's gone! Oh, dear! Well, Mrs. Smith, it goes to show that we are all accountable *critturs!*"

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE SHEEP'S TROTTERS.

A CELEBRATED COMIC RECITATION.

A Monsieur from the Gallic shore,
 Who, though not over-rich, wished to appear so,
 Came over in a ship with friends a score—
 Poor emigrants, whose wealth, good lack !
 Dwelt only on their ragged backs,
 Who thought him rich, they'd heard *him* oft declare so,
 For he was proud as Satan's self,
 And often bragg'd about his pelf,
 And as a proof—the least
 That he could give—he promised when on land,
 At the first inn, in style so grand,
 To give a *feast* !

The Frenchmen jump'd at such an offer.

Monsieur did not forget his proffer ;

But at the first hotel on shore,

They stopp'd to lodge and board ;

The Frenchman order'd in his way

A dinner to be done that day,

But here occurred a grievous bore :—

Monsieur of English knew but little,

Tapps of French knew not a tittle ;

In ordering dinner, therefore, 'tis no wonder

That they should make a blunder.

Whether the landlord knew, or no,

The sequel of my tale will show :

He blunder'd, and it cannot be denied,

To some small disadvantage on his side.

The order seem'd immense to Boniface,

But more the expense, to him the greater fun ;

For all that from the order he could trace,

Was,—“ *Messieur Bull, you lettee me have, I say,*

Vich for vid cash, I sal you pay,

Fifteen of those vid vich the sheep do run !”

From which old Tapps could only understand,

(But whether right or wrong, cared not a button,)

That what Monsieur desired, with air so grand,
Was fifteen legs of mutton !

“ A dinner most enormous !” cried the elf ;

“ Zounds ! each must eat a leg, near, to himself ?”

However, they seem'd a set of hungry curs,
 And so, without more bother or demurs,
 Tapps to his cook his orders soon express'd,
 And fifteen legs of mutton quick were dressed.

And now around the table all elate,
 The Frenchman's friends the dinner doth await ;
 Joy sparkled in each hungry urchin's eyes,
 When they beheld, with glad surprise,
 Tapps quick appear with leg of mutton hot,
 Smoking, and just ejected from the pot !
 Laugh'd, stared, and chuckled more and more,
 When *two* they saw, then *three*, then *four* !
 And then a *fifth* ! their eager glances bless'd,
 And then a *sixth* ! larger than all the rest !

But soon the Frenchman's countenance did change,
 To see the legs of mutton on the table ;
 Surprise and rage by turns
 In his face burns,

While Tapps the table did arrange
 As nice as he was able ;

And while the Frenchmen for the feast prepar'd
 Thus, in a voice that quite the landlord scar'd,

Our hero said,—

“ Mon Dieu ! Monsieur, vy for you make

Dis vera great blundare and mistake ?

Vy for you bring to me dese mouton legs ?”

Tapps with a bow his pardon begs ;—

“ I've done as you have order'd, sir,” said he,

“ Did you not order *fifteen legs* of me ?

Six of which before your eyes appear,

And *nine besides* are nearly done down stair !

Here, John !—” “ Go, hang you Jean ! you fool ! you ass !

You one great clown to bring me to dis pass ;

Take vay dis meat ; for vich I sall no pay,

I did no order dat :”—“ What's that you say ?”

Tapps answered with a frown and with a stare,
 " You order'd fifteen legs of me, I'll swear,
 Or *fifteen things with which the sheep do run,*
 Which means the same :—I'm not so easy done."
 " Parbleu ! Monsieur ! vy you no comprehend ?
 You may take back de legs unto de pot ;
 I telle you, sare, 'tis not de legs I vant—
 But *dese here leetel tings vid vich de sheep do trot !*"
 = " Why, hang it !" cried the landlord in a rage,
 Which Monsieur vainly tried to assuage,
 " Hang it ?" said he, as to the door he totters :
 " Now after all the trouble that I took,
 These legs of mutton both to buy and cook,
 It seems instead of *fifteen legs,*
You merely wanted fifteen poor sheep's trotters !"

VAS BENDER HENSHPECKED?

BY ACLAND VON BOYLE.—FROM SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

Any shentleman vot vill go round behind your face, und talk in front of your back apout sometings, vas a shvindler. I heared dot Brown says veek pefore next apout me I vas a henschpecked huspand. Dot vas a lie ! De proof of de eating vas in de puddings : I am married twenty year already, und I vas yet not pald-headed. I don't vas oonder some pettygoats gofernements ; shtill I tinks it vas petter if a feller vill insult mit his wife und got her advices apout sometings or oder. :

Dem American vomans don't know sometings nefer about his huspant's pcesness, und vhen dem hart times comes, und not so much money comes in de house, dot makes not some tifference mit her. Shtill she moost have vone of dot pull-pack-in-de-front hoop-skirt-pettygoats, mit every kind trimmings. Pooty soon dot huspant gets pankerupted all to pieces. Dey send for de doctor ; und vhen de doctor comes de man dies. Den dot vomans vas obliged to marry

mit anoder mans vot she don't maype like mit four or six shildrens, on account of his first vife already, und possobably von or two mudders-by-law—vone second-handed, und de oder a shtep-mudder-out-law. Den she says mit herself, "I efen vish dot I vas dead a little."

Now if a Chermans goes dead, dot don't make a pit of tifference. Nopody vould hardly know it, except maype himself. His vife goes mit de pecsness on shust like notings has happened to somepody.

American vomans and Cherman vomans vas a tifferent kind of peoples. For inshtinet, last year dot same feller, Mr. Brown, goes mit me in de putcher peesness togeder. He vas American man—so vas his vife. Vell, many time vhen efery peoples has got de panic pooty bad, dot vomans comes to her huspant und says she *moost* have money. Den she goes out riding mit a carriages.

Vonce on a time, Brown says to me, "Bender, I vouldn't be henschpeked." So he vent off und got himself tight—shust pecause his vife tells him, blease don't do dot. Den he sits down on his pack mit de floor, und if I am not dere dot time he never vould got home.

Vell, dot night, me und my vife, ve had a little talk apout sometings; und de next tay I says to Brown, "Look here vonst! My vife she makes sausages, und vorks in dot shtore; also my taughter she vorks py the shtore und makes head-skeeses; und your vife vas going out riding all de times mit de horses-car, und a patent-tied-pack cardinal shtriped shtockings. Now your vife moost go vork in de shtore and cut peefshteaks, und make sauerkraut, or else ve divide not equally any more dot profits."

Vell, Brown goes home und he tells his vife apout dot. Den she comes pooty quick mit Brown around, and ve had a misundershtanding apout sometings, in vich eferybody took a part, including my leetle dog Kaiser. Pooty soon up comes a policesmans und arrests us for breeches of promise to keep de pieces, und assaulting de battery, or

sometings. Den de firm of Bender & Brown vas proke up. I go apout my peesness, und Brown goes mit his peesness. My vife she helps in de shtore. His vife goes riding mit de horses-cars, und efery nights she vas py de theatre.

Vot's de consequences? Along comes dot Centennial panic. Dot knocks Brown more higher as two kites, py Chimminy! My income vas shtill more as my outcome. But Brown, he goes 'round dot shtreets mit his hands out of his pockets, und he don't got a cent to his back.

LIFE, LIBERTY AND LAGER.

DUTCH DIALECT.

O vat is dis has come to pass?
 Dis demberance embarger
 Has dook away mine fested rights,
 Life, liperty und lager.

De pody polidie is bored
 Mit dis pig demberance augur,
 Und let out all vat dere was stored,
 Life, liperty und lager.

Mine pody's only shoost a spout
 Vat efery day grows larger,
 Vere efery dime vent in und out
 Life, liperty und lager.

I's nothing but von creat big hold,
 Receifer und tischarger,
 Dere's nix mitin dey call a soul
 To sheck de flow of lager.

Den vat is life mitout somedings
 To make dis fleisch crow larger?
 Und liberty mitout some trinks,
 Bardicularly lager?

Und vat is habbiness ven I
 Can't go out on a bender,

Mit liperty, ven I gets "high,"
To vip mine frau und kinder?

It used to vas dat tay und night
I round apout vould stagger,
Shoost *loartet* mit, vat mate me "tight,"
Life, liperty und lager.

I'll fight dese demberance chaps all night
Mit bricks und stones und dagger,
Until I gets mine fested rights,
Life, liperty und lager.

Den dere's de geeber von saloon,
So sholly und so frisky,
Behold hees oggupation gone,
His lager und his whisky.

Pecause ven he shall get me trunk
Und I vips Mistress Gammage,
Dey'll put *him* in the shailor's bunk
Undil he pays de tammage.

De Pird of Freedom flewd away,
Ven ve pecun to need him;
Oh, Lechislators! do, I bray,
Pring pack de Pird of Freedom!

A FRENCHMAN'S ACCOUNT OF THE FALL.

FRENCH DIALECT.

"Monsieur Adam, he wake up: he see une belle demoiselle aslip in ze garden. Voilà de la chance. 'Bon jour, Madam Iv.' Madam Iv, she wake: she hole her fan before to her face. Adam put up his eyeglass to admire ze tableau. Zey make one promenade. Madam Iv, she feel 'ungry; she see appel on ze arbre. Serpent se promène, sur l'arbre, make one walk on ze tree. 'Mons. le Serpent,' say Iv, 'weel you not have ze bonté to peek me some appel? J'ai faim.' 'Certainement, madam,' say ze serpent,

' charmé de vous voir.' ' Holà, mon ami, ar-r-r-eter vous,' say Adam; ' stop, stop, que songez vous faire? What madness is zees—you must not peek ze appel.' Ze snake, he take one pinch of snuff, he say, ' Ah! Mons. Adam, do you not know zere is nothing proheebet for ze ladies? Madam Iv, permeet me to offer you some of this fruit defendu.' Iv, she make one courtezy, ze snake he fill her whole parasol wiz appel: he say, ' *Eritis sicut Deus*. Mons. Adam he will eat ze appel, he will become like one Dieu, know ze good and ze evil; but you, Madam Iv, cannot become more of a goddess zan you are now,' and zis finish Madam Iv."

DER GOOT LOOKIN' SHNOW.

PARODY ON "BEAUTIFUL SNOW."—DUTCH DIALECT.

Oh, dot shnow, dot goot lookin' shnow,
 Vhich makes von der shky out, on tings below;
 Und yoost on der hause vhere der shingles vas grow,
 You come mit some coldness, vherefer you go;
 Valtzin' und pblayin' und zinging along,
 Goot lookin' shnow, you dond cood done wrong.
 Efen of you make on some oldt gal's scheek,
 It makes noting tifferent, ofer das shendlesom freak.
 Goot lookin' shnow, von der glouds py der shky,
 You vas bully mit cold vedder, und bully von high.

Oh, dot shnow, dot goot lookin' shnow,
 Yoost dis vay und dot you make vhen you go;
 Fhlyin' aroundt, you got matness mit fun,
 Und fhreeze makes der nose of efery von;
 Lafein', runnin', mit gwickness go py,
 Yoost shtobbin' a leedle, den pooty gwick fhly;
 Und efen der togs, dot vas out in der vet,
 Vood shnab at der bieees vhich makes on dhere hedt.
 Der peobles vas grazzy, und caddles vood crow
 Und say how you vas, you goot lookin' shnow.

Und so gwick you vas dhere, und der vedder did shnow,
 Dhey shpeak out in dones so shweeder as low,
 Und der shleigh-riders, too, vas gone py in der lite,
 You dond eood saw dhem, dill quite out of site.

Schwimmen, shkimmen, fhirdin' dhey go
 Recht on der tob of dot goot lookin' shnow.

Dot shnow vas white glean when it comes der shky down,
 Und yoost so muddy like mud, when it comes of der
 town,

To been valked on py more as dwo hoondret fife feet,
 Dill gwick, vas yoost lookin' so phlack like der shtreet.

Vell, I vas yoost lookin' vonce so goot like dot shnow,
 But I tumbled me off, und vay I did go ;
 Nicht so glean, like der mut dot growed on der shtreet,
 I vas sheraped von der poots off, of der peoples I meet.

Dinkin' und shworin', I like of I die,

To been shtiff like a mackerel mit no von to buy,
 While I trink me some lager to got a shsquare meal,
 I vas afraid von der ghosts mine pody vood shtear.
 Got in Himmel, how ish dot? Vas I gone down so low,
 Vhen I vonce vas so whiteness like dot goot lookin'
 shnow ?

Yah, for dhrue, I vas told you, I vas vonce pure like dot
 shnow,

Mit blaindy of lofe, von mine heart out vas grow ;
 I dink von dhem efery von, und dhey dink von me too,
 Und I vas humpugged mit fhldereries, dot's yoost vot
 dhey do.

Mine Fadder, Mudder, Gebruder der same,

Vas loose me some sympadies, und forget vonce mine
 name,

Und dot raskals who comes of me in der tarkness py nite,
 Voot gone more as a plocks to got out of mine site.
 Der coat von mine lecks, und poots of mine toe,
 Vas not gleaner as doze of dot goot lookin' shnow.

It vas gweer it shoold been dot dot goot lookin' shnow
 Vood make on a pad mans mit no vhere to go ;
 Und how gweer it vood been, vhen yoost behindt tay,

Ofer der hail und das vind mit mine pody vood pblay,
 Hobbin, skibben, und me dedt like an eel—
 Mine mat vas got oop, nefer a vord cood I shpeil,
 To been zeen py der peobles who vas valk ofer der town,
 Who vas dickled mit pbleasures, of der shnow vas come
 down,
 I yoost lay der ground, und gone died mit a woe,
 Mit a pedgwilts und billows, von der goot lookin' shnow.

MR. SCHMIDT'S MISTAKE.

BY CHAS. F. ADAMS.

I geepe me von leetle schtore town Proadway, und does a pooty goot peesnis, bud I ton't got mooch gapital to vork mit, so I finds id hard vork to get me all der gredits vot I would like. Last veek I hear aboud some goots dot a barty vas going to sell pooty sheap, und so I writes dot man if he would gief me der refusal of dose goots for a gouple of days. He gafe me der refusal—dot is, he sait I gouldn't haf dem—but he sait he would gall on me und see mine schtore, und den if mine schtanding in peesnis vas goot, berhaps ve might do somedings togedder. Vell, I vas behint mine gounter yesterday, ven a shentleman gomes in und dakes me py der hand und say: "Mr. Schmidt, I pelieve." I says, "Yaw," und den I dinks to mineself, dis vas der man vot has dose goots to sell, und I musd dry to make some goot imbressions mit him, so ve gould do some peesnis. "Dis vas goot schtore," he says, looking roundt, "bud you don't got a pooty pig shtock already." I vas avraid to let him know dot I only hat 'bout a tousand tollars vort of goots in der blace, so I says: "You ton't would dink I hat more as dree tousand tollars in dis leedle schtore, ain't id?" He says: "You ton't tole me! Vos dot bossible!" I says: "Yaw." I meant dot id *vas bossible*, dough id vasn't so, vor I vas like Shorge Washingtons ven he cut town der "olt elm" on Poston

Gommons mit his leedle hadchet, und gouldn't dell some lies about id.

"Vell," says der shentleman, "I dinks you ought to know petter as anypody else vot you haf got in der schtore." Und den he dakes a pig book vrom unter his arm und say: "Vell, I poots you town vor dree thousand tollars." I ask him vot he means py "poots me town," und den he says he vos von off der dax-men, or assessors off broperty, und he tank me so kintly as nefer vos, pecause he say I vos sooch an honest Deutscher, und tidn't dry und sheat der gofermants. I dells you vat it vos, I tidn't veel any more petter as a hundord ber cent. ven dot man valks oudt of mine schtore, und der nexd dime I makes free mit sdrangers I vinds first deir peesnis oudt.

HOME AGAIN.

DUTCH DIALECT.

How schweed to dthink of home
 Und frendts ve loaf so dear,
 Ven ve runned away from der house
 To see der sights so quveer ;
 'Tis den dot ve look pack
 Und vish dot ve vas dhere,
 Und be greeded vid dot welcome home
 Und vid der joys to share.
 To see der fader und mooder,
 Und hear dhem speak vonce more ;
 Why, id's bedder dan gold or silver
 Send from a foreign shore ;
 Und you sid down by der fireside
 Of dot liddle brown stone frame,
 While your fader mit a jack und 9 dails
 On your back he vas wriden his name.
 Vell, you don'd care for to runned away again
 Und see der vorld vonce more ;
 You had enough, you ain'd no hog,
 Ligke you vas dot dime before.

DOT SURPRISE PARTY.

DUTCH DIALECT.

Coming down Twelfth Street yesterday, we met Jacob Schneider, an old German friend. We hadn't seen Jacob for several weeks, and, as we noticed that his bandana was tied over an eye, and that his nose was invisible on account of a piece of court plaster occupying a front seat, and observing that several teeth were on a furlough, we wondered if the wagon he used to drive was smashed to pieces, and asked him when the runaway occurred.

"I don't know somedinks apout no runavays," said Jacob.

"Was it a fight, then?" we inquired.

"I don't know somedinks apout no fights, neider," said Jacob; "it was some surprise barties."

"Surprise party!"

"Yaw, surprise barties; dot eye vos a surprise barty; surprise barty is vot's der matter mit dot nose; und dem teeth vot I don't got some more, dey bin to der surprise barty, too."

"Look here, Jacob, you are a little off, ain't you?"

"A leedle off? Yaw, I guess I don't. Of you call dot faces a leedle off yusht so, I pin a leedle off."

"Let's hear all about it."

"Goom down to der saloon and git some peer, und I told you all 'bout it."

Proceeding to the nearest saloon, we soon had Jacob fortified by a schooner of lager. Wiping his lips, after he had taken the first draught, he said:

"You know dot ole Miss Helfschlager?"

"Yes—fine old lady, in vigorous health."

"Yaw, I dink so, too. Vell, der poys dey goom round und say: 'We git some surprise barties on Miss Helfschlager up.'"

"And you agreed to go?"

“Kin I look owit fern dot mouth? Kin I schmell some-dinks fern dot nose? Kin I— ‘Donnerwetter!’ don’t I look me like a pin?”

After glancing at the man, we were compelled to confess that he did; but we had a curiosity to know how it all came about, and we asked him.

“How it coom ’bout? It didn’t coom ’bout; it coom all rount! Der poys dey know somedinks ’bout Miss Hefschlager dot I don’t pin acquaintance mit, und dey put me in as der leader. I knock up der door-pell mit swei pig paskets on my arrums, und fern der door open owit, I rush in mit myselps, tinkin’ der under follers vas pehint. It’s blayed owit der way dem fellers blayed it on me.”

“Didn’t they follow you?”

“Yaw, like der ole vooman geep tavern.”

“They went back on you and left you alone. Did the surprise party come off? Did you see Miss Hefschlager?”

“Did der surbrise barties coom off? Yaw, I dink so. Dot,” pointing to eye, nose and mouth in succession—“dot vas der surbrise barties. Did I see Miss Hefschlager? Yusht gaze upon dot gountenances! Did I see her? By shiminy, I dink so! Young feller, don’t you go to some surbrise barties mit Miss Hefschlager; dot’s vot’s der reasons mit me, und all dem vegetables wasted too.”

It certainly looked like it.

I WANT TO FLY.

A HUMOROUS RECITATION.—FRENCH DIALECT.

Shortly before the conclusion of the war with Napoleon there were a number of French officers in an inland town on their parole of honor. Now, one gentleman being tired with the usual routine of eating, drinking, gambling, smoking, &c., therefore, in order to amuse himself otherwise, resolved to go a-fishing. His host supplied him with rod

and line, but being in want of artificial flies, went in search of a fishing tackle maker's shop. Having found one, kept by a plain pains-taking John Bull, our Frenchman entered, and, with a bow, a cringe, and a shrug of the shoulders, thus began :

“ Ah, Monsieur Anglais, comment vous portez-vous ! ”

“ Eh, that's French,” exclaimed the shopkeeper ; “ not that I understand it, but I'm very well, if that's what you mean.”

“ Bon, bon, ver good ; den, saire, I sall tell you, I vant deux fly.”

“ I dare say you do, Mounseer,” replied the Englishman, “ and so do a great many more of your outlandish gentry ; but I'm a true-born Briton, and can never consent to assist the enemies of my country to leave it—particularly when they cost us so much to bring them here.”

“ Ah, Monsieur, you no comprehend ; I shall repeate, I vant deux fly, on the top of de vater.”

“ Oh ! what, you want to fly by water, do you ? then I'm sure I can't assist you, for we are at least a hundred miles from the sea-coast, and our canal is not navigable above ten or twelve miles from here.”

“ Diable ! sare, you are un stup of the bloçk. I sall tell you once seven times over again—I vant deux fly on the top of de vater, to dingle dangle at the end of de long pole.”

“ Ay, ay ! you only fly Mounseer, by land or water, and if they catch you, I'll be hanged if they won't dingle dangle you, as you call it, at the end of a long pole.”

“ Sacre un de dieu ! la blas ! vat you mean by dat, enfer diable ? you are un bandit jack of de ass, Johnny de Bull. Ba, ba, you are effrontee, and I disgrace me to parley vid you. I tell you, sare, dat I vant deux fly on the top of de vater, to dingle dangle at the end of the long pole, to la trap poisson.”

“ What's that you say, you French Mounseer—you'll lay a trap to poison me and all my family because I won't as-

sist you to escape? why, the like was never heard. Here, Betty, go for the constable."

The constable soon arrived, who happened to be as ignorant as the shopkeeper, and of course it was not expected that a constable should be a scholar. Thus the man of office began:

"What's all this? Betty has been telling me that this here outlandish Frenchman is going to poison you and all your family? Ay, ay, I should like to catch him at it, that's all. Come, come to prison, you delinquent."

"No, sare, I sall not go to de prison; take me before de what you call it—de ting that nibble de grass?"

"Nibble grass? You mean sheep?"

"No, I mean de—de—"

"Oh, you mean the cow."

"No, sare, not the cow; you stup Johnny bœuf—I mean de cheval, vat you ride. [Imitating.] Come, sare, gee up. Ah, ha."

"Oh, now I know, you mean a horse."

"No, sare, I mean de horse's vife."

"What, the mare?"

"Oui, bon, yes, sare, take me to de mayor."

This request was complied with, and the French officer soon stood before the English magistrate, who, by chance, happened to be better informed than his neighbors, and thus explained the dilemma of the unfortunate Frenchman, to the satisfaction of all parties:

"You have mistaken the intention of this honest gentleman; he did not want to fly the country, but to go a-fishing, and for that purpose went to your shop to purchase two flies, by way of bait, or, as he expressed it, to la trap la poisson. Poisson, in French, is fish."

"Why, aye," replied the shopkeeper, "that may be true; you are a scholard, and so you know better than I. Poison, in French, may be very good fish, but give me good old English roast beef."

PETER SORGHUM IN LOVE.

A CAPITAL YANKEE STORY.—BY ALF. BURNETT.

One day Sall fooled me; she heated the poker awful hot, then asked me to stir the fire. I seized hold of it mighty quick to oblige her, and dropped it quicker to oblige myself. Well, after the poker scrape, me and Sall only got on middlin' well for some time, till I made up my mind to pop the question, for I loved her harder every day, and I had an idee she loved me or had a sneaking kindness for me. But how to do the thing up nice and rite pestered me orful. I bought some love books, and read how the fellers git down onter their knees and talk like poets, and how the girls would gently-like fall in love with them. But somehow or other that way didn't kinder suit my notion. I asked mam how she and dad courted, but she said it had been so long she had forgotten all about it. Uncle Jo said mam did all the courting.

At last I made up my mind to go it blind, for this thing was farely consumin' my mind; so I goes over to her dad's, and when I got there I sot like a fool, thinkin' how to begin. Sall seed somethin' was troublin' me, so she said, says she, "Ain't you sick, Peter?" She said this mity soft-like. "Yes! No!" sez I; "that is, I an't zackly well; I thought I'd come over to-night," sez I. I tho't that was a mity purty beginnin'; so I tried agin. "Sall," sez I—and by this time I felt kinder faintly about the stommuck, and shaky about the knees—"Sall," sez I. "What?" sez she. "Sall," sez I agin. "What?" sez she. I'll get to it arter a while at this rate, thinks I. "Peter," says she, "there's suthin' troublin' you; 'tis mighty wrong for you to keep it from a body, for an inard sorer is a consumin' fire." She said this, *she did*, the sly critter. She knowed what was the matter all the time mighty well, and was only tryin' to fish it out, but I was so far gone I couldn't see the point. At last I sorter gulped down the big lump a risin' in my

throat, and sez I, sez I, "Sall, do you love anybody?" "Well," sez she, "there's dad and mam," and a countin' of her fingers all the time, with her eyes sorter shet like a fellar shootin' off a gun, "and there's old Pide (that were their old cow,) and I can't think of anybody else just now," says she. Now, this was orful for a feller ded in love; so arter a while I tried another shute. Sez I, "Sall," sez I, "I'm powerful lonesome at home, and sometimes think if I only had a nice pretty wife, to love and talk to, move, and have my bein' with, I'd be a tremendous feller." Sez I, "Sall, do you know any gal would keer for me?" With that she begins, and names over all the gals for five miles around, and never once came nigh naming of herself, and sed I oughter git one of them. This sorter got my dander up, so I hitched my cheer up close to her, and shet my eyes and sed, "SALL, *you* are the *very* gal I've been hankering arter for a long time. I luv you all over, from the sole of your head to the crown of your foot, and I don't care who nos it, and if you say so we'll be jined together in the holy bonds of hemlock, Epluribusunum, world without end, amen!" sez I; and then I felt like I'd throwed up an alligator, I felt so relieved. With that she fetched a sorter screem, and arter a while sez, sez she, "PETER!" "What, Sally?" sez I. "YES!" sez she, a hidin' of her face behind her hands. You bet a heap I felt good. "Glory! glory!" sez I, "I must holler, Sall, or I shall bust. Hooray for hooray! I can jump over a ten-rail fence!" With that I sot rite down by her and clinched the bargain with a kiss. Talk about your blackberry jam; talk about your sugar and merlasses; you wouldn't a got me nigh 'em—they would all a been sour arter that. Oh! these gals! how good and bad, how high and low they do make a feller feel! If Sall's daddy hadn't sung out 'twas time all honest folks was abed, I'd a sot there two hours longer. You oughter have seen me when I got home! I pulled dad out of bed and hugged him! I pulled mam out of bed and

hugged her! I pulled Aunt Jane out of bed and hugged her. I larfed and hollered, crowed like a *rooster*, danced round there, and cut up more capers than you ever heerd tell on, till dad thought I was crazy, and got a rope to tie me with. "*Dad,*" sez I, "*I'm goin' to be married!*" "*Married!*" bawled dad. "*Married!*" squalled mam. "*Married!*" screamed Aunt Jane. "*Yes, married,*" sez I; "*married all over, married for sure, married like a flash—joined in wedlock, hooked on for life, for worser or for better, for life and for death—to SALL! I am that very thing—me! Péter Sorghum, ESQUIRE!*"

With that I ups and tells 'em all about it, from Alfer to Ermeger! They were all mighty well pleased, and I went to bed as proud as a young rooster with his first spurs.

MRS. SMART LEARNS HOW TO SKATE.

YANKEE DIALECT READING.—BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Don't you think skating is dreadful good exercise? I do; and I've been trying of it lately, so that I have as good a knowledge of how it operates as anybody else.

Joshua said I was rather old to go into such childish bizness; but I don't see no airthly reason why an old married woman shouldn't enjoy herself if she can. Goodness knows, most of us has trouble enough to put up with—if we have a husband and children and hens and pigs and things. And if we can git any enjoyment out of life, I say we'd orter. I calkulate to, myself; and I'd like to see anybody hender me! It'll take more'n Joshua Smart! He never growed big enuff! No, sir! not by a long chalk!

All the folks round about here has gone into skating. There hain't nobody but what's had a spell at it. Even old Grandmarm Smith, that's gone with two canes this dozen years—she's tried it, and fell down, and smashed her specks, and barked her nose all to finchers; and old

Deacon Sharp, that's been blind ever since Wiggins' barn was burnt, he's got to be quite a powerful skater. Only you have to clear the track when you see him coming, 'cause he don't turn out for nobody nor nothing. And he's apt to git to using big words, if he happens to hit against anything. The other day he skated against a tall stump in the millpond, and a madder man you never seed. He took it for somebody standing there ; and, if he is a deacon, I'm ready to give my Bible oath that he came at it, and hit it several licks with his fist, afore he found out that it wasn't no one.

All the wimmen folks has been out on the ice this fall. I never seed such a turnout afore. The way they've done, they've cooked up enuff Satterdays to last all through the next week, and then they've skated, and their husbands has staid at home, and swore and eat cold vittles.

Law sake ! how things have changed since I was a gal ! The world is gitting more and more civilized every day. In a thousand years from now, at the present rate of getting along, this airth will be too good to live in, and most of us will have to leave, if we hain't already.

Why, I can remember when a gal that dared to look at a pair of skates was called a Tomboy ; and you might as well have served out a term in the States Prison as to have been called that ! It was an awful name ! It used to be a sin for a gal to do anything that a boy did, except milk the cows, and eat pudding and molasses.

As soon as it got cold enough to friz up, I made up my mind to see what I could do at skating. I had an idea that it wouldn't take me no time at all to larn. All the gals was an awful spell a-larning ; but all in the world that made 'em so long was 'cause they had fellers a-showing of 'em how, and they kinder liked the fun. If there hadn't been a feller in the neighborhood, a'most any of 'em would have larnt the whole trade in three days.

I went over to the bridgo, and sold five pounds of

butter, and got me a pair of skates. Hain't it astonishing how butter has gone up? Never seed the beat of it in all my life! We don't pretend to eat a mite of butter to our house, though we've got three farrer cows and a new milk's heifer. Joshua grumbles like everything; but I tell him 'tain't no use—I'd as lives he'd spread his bread with fifty-cent scrips as with butter. And 'twon't make no difference a hundred years from now whether a man has lived on butter or hog's fat. Not a speck!

I sold the butter, and took three dollars' worth of skates. Miss Pike, the milliner, said I ought to have a skating costume—it wasn't properous to skate in a long-tailed gownd and crinoline.

So one day I sot myself to work, and fixed one. I took a pair of Joshua's red flannel drawers, and sot two rosettes of green ribbin onto the bottoms of 'em; and then I took a yaller pëtticoat of mine, and sewed five rows of blue braid round the bottom of that; my waist I made out of a red and brown plaid shawl, and for a cap I took one of Joshua's cast-off stovepipe hats, and cut it down a story. I tied a wide piece of red flannel around it, and pulled out an old crower's tail, and stuck that into the front of it. Joshua laffed at me, the master. He said I looked jest like an Injun squaw; but as he never seed one, I dunno how he knowed.

Sam Jellison sed he'd larn me how to do; but I told him no; I didn't want nobody a-handling me round, a-finding out whether I wore corsets or not. I didn't like the style. I guessed I could take keer of myself. I'd allers managed to. I'd took keer of myself through the jonders, and the dispepsy, and the collery morbus; and I'd allers made my soap, and did my own cleaning, and I guessed I could skate without nobody's assistance. I didn't want no little upstarts a-holding onto me with one arm, and laffing at me in t'other sleeve at the same time.

Sam he whistled, and sed nothing. It's a dreadful hate-

ful way some folks have of insulting of ye—that whistle of theirs.

One Tuesday morning, bright and airly, I got my work out of the way, and dressing myself in my skating costume, I took my skates in one hand and a long pole to steady myself by in the other, and set sail for the mill-pond.

I shouldn't have dared to begin such an undertaking any day but Tuesday. Wednesday is allers a dreadful day for me! Why, I've broke more'n ten dollars' worth of crockery Wednesdays; and I've sot three hens Wednesdays, and one's eggs all addled, and one she got broke up afore she'd sot a week, and t'other one hatched out three chickens that was blind as bats, and never had no tail-feathers!

I went so airly, that I was in hopes there wouldn't be no specklepertaters to see my fust attempt; but lawful heart! the pond was lined with 'em! I felt rather down in the mouth at the idea of trying my skill afore all them people, but I was too plucky to back out.

I sot down on the ground, and strapped on my skates; and grabbing my pole firmly in both hands, I got onto the ice. The minnit I got on, I sot rite down flat, in spite of all I could do, and it was as much as five minutes afore I could git up agin. And when I did my left foot begun for to run rite round t'other one, and I run rite round arter it. The fust thing I knowed my heels was up, and my head was down, and I thought it was night and all the stars in the firmary was having a shooting-match.

Sam Jellison he seed me fall and come and picked me up. Sam is dreadful attentive to me, because he's trying to shine my darter Betsey. I can see through it all. He wanted to help me stiddy myself; but I wouldn't let him, and started off upon the dog trot. I could run a good deal better than I could slide. I thought I'd go over on t'other side of the pond, where Miss Pike and some other friends of mine was; and, sticking my long pole into the

airholes, I made out to get under way. And after I once got started, the difficulty was to stop myself. I went rite ahead like a steam injine down grade. I found it wasn't no use to fite against fate ; and, concluding that this was the fun of skating, I drewed up my pole and let it stick out each side of me, and sailed on. I had the wind in my back, and it filled my yellor petticoat so that it floated out afore me like the star spangled banner on the Fourth of July.

I was a-coming to where the skaters were at it pretty thick ; but I didn't think to take my pole in, and the fust thing I knowed I was a mowing of 'em down with it, rite and left, as a two-hoss mowing-machine takes down the grass on a medder.

The ice was lined with the ruins ! Muffs, and hoods, and gloves, and false teeth, and waterfalls, and rats, and mice, and curled hair, and men, and women, and little boys—all mixed up together. You couldn't tell t'other from which !

Old Jim Pratt he went down among the rest ; and, as he went, the toe of his skate ketched into that beautiful braid on my yaller petticoat, and in less'n a minnit tore it clean off and wound it all up among the understandings of all the scrabbling people.

I was madder'n a hatter ! I riz my pole to let 'em have some ; but before I could strike, the strain on that illigant trimming upsot my equalibrius, and down I went, striking the back of my crannyrum so hard, that for a minnit I thought my skull bone was broke clean across ! It seemed as if I could hear the rough edges grate together.

Just as I was a-rising to get up, along come a feller at a 2:40 rate, without any eyes into his head, I expect, for he didn't see me, but undertook to skate rite over me, and away he come, head fust, onto the ice, with a grunt that sounded like a pig's when he's just gwine to sleep after eating a whole pail of swill.

I grabbed hold of his coat-tail to hist myself up by, and,

law sake! the cloth parted like a cobweb, and left him with a short jacket on, and letting me back onto the ice harder than afore!

Sam Jellison he arrived jest at this minnit, and I didn't say nothing agin his helping of me. I felt as if I was nigh about played out. He esquarted me to the shore, with all that blue braid a-trailing after me. And when I'd got breath, he went up home with me, and I heard him kiss Bets behind the pantry door. Wall, wall, young folks will be young folks, and 'tain't no use to try to hinder 'em.

I was so sore for a week that I couldn't git my arms to my head without screeching, and I felt all over as if I'd been onjinted and jined onto another person's understandings.

As soon as I got better, though, I let Sam help me larn, and I can skate the master now. You never seed the beat! It's the grandest exercise! and so healthy! I've friz both of my feet, and my nose, and my face has mostly peeled, and I've got the rhumatiz tremenjous; but I've larned to skate and what do I keer!

“DER WRECK OF DER HEZBERUS.”

BEFORE LONGFELLOW.—BY ESSE PHOSTER.

It vas der goot shkiff Hezberus
 Dot paddled cross der pond,
 Und dare vas dare der skibber's gal,
 Of whom he vas so fond.

Green vos her eyes as summer peas,
 Her cheeks I can't define,
 Her boozum brown like pretzel cakes,
 Her voice a vereful whine.

Mit pibe in mouth der skibber sat,
 Wrabbed in an old pea koad,
 Und vatched his daughter koff und shneeze
 Ven schmoke got down hur throad.

Den up und spoke der paddle man,
 "Look 'ere, let's turn ride back,
 A schwan lives 'ere, der peebles say,
 Vat likes to peck und hack.

So let's turn back, mein master dear,
 Und from this voyage refrain,"
 Der skibber blew schmoke oud his pipe,
 Und schmiled mit grim dishdain.

Den near und near der shkiff did got
 To vare dot schwan hung out,
 Until at last, mit telesgope,
 Dey shpied his head und snowt.

Vel, down it schwam und shmote der shkiff
 Mit all its might und main,
 Und made it shump dree times its length,
 Und den shump back again.

"Come 'ere ! come 'ere ! mein leedle gal,
 Und do not dremble so,
 For I can lick der biggest schwan
 Dot you to me can show."

He wrabbed her in his old pea koad,
 His joy, his life, his soul,
 Und mit a piece of paper twine
 He lashed her to a pole.

"Oh, dad, I hear der dinner bell !
 I feel shust like grub-struck."

"Vel, hold yer tongue now, Mary Ann,
 Und dry to bear your luck."

"Oh, dad, I see dot schwan again !
 He'll eat both you und me ;"
 But dad he answered not a vord,
 For stiff und frized was he.

Den der goot girl she glasped her hands,
 Und through her frost-bit nose
 She said, "Now I avake to sleep,"
 Dot she might not be froze.

Und dare, through rain und hurrycane,
 Und through der schleet und schnow,
 Der maiden prayed und begged der schwan
 To pick up stakes und go.

But no, he schwam up to der wreck,
 Und den der fun began,
 He knocked der fellers off der deck,
 But left shweed Mary Ann.

He picked und pecked der Hezberus,
 Und lashed de pond to foam,
 Und made de poor, wee, leedle shkiff
 Look shust like honeycomb.

Den by der board der long bean-pole
 Und Mary Ann did go ;
 Und shust like lead der shkiff went down,
 Der schwan he roared, Ho ! ho !

* * * *

At break of day, beside der pond,
 Poor Mary Ann vas found ;
 Her form vas cold un frozen stiff,
 Und to a bean-pole bound.

Von hand vas cross her empty form,
 Serene und calm she lay ;
 For she vas gone vare she'll thaw out,
 Und vare you'll go some day.

THE GENEROUS FRENCHMAN.

A CELEBRATED HUMOROUS RECITATION.

“When I was in Londres, I go vun day into wat ze, Anglais call ze café, an I give ze order to ros me von docke ; ze Anglais ros ze docke ver well ; ven de docke was place before me I find him von very fine docke, and very well ros ; he was ver brown, ver full of ze stuff aux ognons, an ze flaveur was ver fine. I put ze fork into ze docke and I commence to cut ze docke, mais when I have

begin to cut ze docke I hear some person make loud strong noise comme ça—Oh——! as if ze heart was break. I put down ze knife on ze plate, an I look roun to see who make ze noise comme ça—Oh——! Ven I look roun I see right opposite to me von gentlman, who was ver well dress; he ave ver good cote, ver good pantalon, and ver good boot, but he have dam leetle hat wiz a hole in ze top; *I no like dat*, mais he was a gentlman; ze noise could not be made by him, an I proceed to cut ze docke, mais, ven I ave proceed to cut ze docke ze second time, I hear une autre fois ze same noise, comme ça—Oh——! plus forte, grate deal loudaire zan ze first time. I look roun, mais I see nobody but ze gentlman; I look at ze gentlman, an ze gentlman look at me. He *vas* gentlman, for he ave ver good cote, ver good pantalon, and ver good boot, mais he ave leetle hat on ze head wiz a hole in ze top, an ze hair come out; *I no like dat*, mais he *vas* gentlman. Eh bien! I ave say to ze gentlman: ‘Monsieur, pour quoi you make comme ça—Oh——!?’ and ze gentlman ave make me answer an say, ‘Sare, I ave eat nosing for tree day, an I am ver hungry.’ Mon Dieu, I say to myself, ze gentlman ave reason, he ave eat nosing for tree day. Sacre-bleu he must ave ver grate hungaire, an ven I ave say dis to myself I look at ze docke, he was ver fine docke, an ver well ros. Zen I say to myself ze seconde time, I shall give ze half of ze docke to ze gentlman, an zen I give ze invitation to ze gentlman, to partage ze docke wiz me. Ven ze gentlman ave receive ze invitation he rite way place himself vis à vis to me, an ma fois! aussi quick as ze lightnin he ave eat *ze hole of my docke*, quel faim! Ze gentlman ave speak ze truf, he was ver hungry! En verité, I should like to eat piece of my docke, mais ven I zink ze gentlman ave eat nosing for tree day, an as for me I ave dejeuner très forte, I ring ze bell an I give ze order for a noser docke; in ze mean time, however, ze gentlman ave drink ze hole of my wine. Eh bien, I deman ze oder bouteille, an zen ze oser

docke come; ver fine docke, mais not so good as ze last, —n'importe, ze docke was ver good, mais dis time I ave cut ze docke for me, an ze gentlman ave got ze oser piece, he was so hungry, quel dommage, so mooch a gentlman, so well he dress. He ave ver good cote, ver good pantalon, an ver good boot, mais ze dam leetle hat wiz ze hole in ze top; *I no like dat*, but he was gentlman. Eh bien, apres ça ze gentlman was satisfy he ave eat nearly ze two docke, an I was satisfy, an ven I ave settle ze conte ze lanlor was satisfy aussi; an zen I ave say to ze gentlman, 'Monsieur, I sall ave ze plaisir to see you some oser time, demain chez vous, at your house,' and ze gentlman he make grate noise, un autre fois for ze zurd time, comme ça—Oh——! an he say to me, 'Sare, I ave no house.' Eh bien! I reply to him, vare do you slip? an he say to me, 'Sare, I slip in ze street.' I say to myself, wat great pitie such handsome gentlman slip in ze street; an zen I look at him again, an I know he is gentlman, he ave such ver good cote, such ver good pantalon, an such ver good boot, but zen I see ze dam leetle hat wiz ze hole in ze top, *I no like dat!* but he was gentlman. Nevare min, I shall take ze gentlman chez moi to my house! he shall not slip in ze street! So I give him ze invitation to go to my house, which he ave accept with great plaisir. Ven I ave take him chez moi I make in ze corner what ze Anglais call ze shake-down—shake-up! an ze gentlman commence already to take off ze close. Pour la première he ave put ze dam leetle hat wiz ze hole in ze top on ze chair, *I no like dat*, so when he ave turn his back, I give it von leetle kick under ze bed and nevare say nosing; ze gentlman zen take off ze cote, ver good cote—ver good cote indeed! an he take off ze pantalon, ver fine pantalon, ver good pantalon—oui, ver good! an zen he take off ze boot, ah ma foi, zey were good boot, ver fine boot indeed, an ze gentlman he go to slip. Eh bien, c'est fine, I ave nosing else to do, I go to slip aussi, an I nevaire hear nosing at all toute la nuit; I mus have

slip ver well. In ze morning, ver early, à la bonne heure, I rub my eyes an fine myself wake up; I put ze head out of ze bed an I look for my compagnon, mais ze gentlman I no see him, no doute he slip very mooch hard, he have grand fatigue, he slip all ze time in ze street, I ave grate compassion for him; so I turn on ze oser side an I make ze second time wat ze Anglais call ze leetle nappe, not ze 'nappe Française,' mais ze 'nappe Anglaise;' chose très différente je vous assure. Eh bien, ven I ave rub ze eye ze second time, I fin it was ten o'clock of ze watch and I say to ze gentlman who have slip in ze corner all ze nite, 'Monsieur, levez vous! it is time to get up,' an ze gentlman ave make no response, an zin I get up myself an I look in ze corner, mais I fin nosing; ze gentlman was gone. Ah ha! I say to myself, ze gentlman was très reconnaissant, he ave ver mooch gratitude, he mus ave wake up an he fin me slip ver good, he no like to make ze noise to disturb me; I ave no dout he will come back ven he zink I ave wake up, an he will make me grate zank for my kindness to him zat he did not slip in ze street. Oh, he is such gentlman, he ave such ver good cote, such fine pantalon, and such ver good boot. Ven I say zis to myself I zink make my toilette, an I put on my boot, ver good boot,—mais, wat it is—*zey are not my boot!* ver good boot indeed—*ver good boot!* mais zey are *not my boot*. Ah nevaire min, it is mistake, ze gentlman ave made mistake, he get up so early in ze morning an ave made ze mistake in ze dark. Eh bien, he will soon return and make ze grand apologie, for he is so mooch gentlman—oh oui, he is gentlman, he ave ver good cote, ver good pantalon, an ze boot are ver good aussi—not so good as mine, mais zey are ver good. In ze mean time I zink comme ça to myself, an I look roun for my pantalon; oh zey are zere. I put on ze pantalon, mais—que diable! I feel in ze poches, oui, bigar zey are *not my pantalon—ver fine!* oui, ver fine pantalon, mais zey are not my pantalon. Ah 'tis ver plain, ze gentlman

ave made anoser mistake, an ave take my pantalon, an zink zey are his pantalon; nevaire min! nevaire min! he will fine out ze mistake bomby when he fine ze monnaie in ze poche, he will be ver sorry, for he is gentlman, he ave such ver good cote, ver good pantalon, an ver good boot; oh oui, he is gentlman, j'en suis sure. Vile I zink so to myself I look at ze watch, an I fine him leven o'clock of ze mornin; I tink it is time to break ze faste, I am ver hungry, so I put on my—ze debil! what I have here?—ver fine cote, mais, oui, it is not my cote—no it is *not my cote!* Ze gentlman ave make un autre fois, a noser gran mistake, he av take my cote an lef me his cote, it was ver good cote—ver good cote indeed! mais it was not my cote. J'en suis faché; ven ze gentlman ave fine it out he will be mooch mortify zat he ave take my cote. Ah mon Dieu! I ave grate pitie for him, he was such gentlman, I am sure he was gentlman, he ave such *ver* good cote, such fine pantalon, and such ver good boot! Oh certainement he was gentlman, I nevaire make ze mistake, I know ze gentlman an he was gentlman, I know he will come back; an zen I wait for him von hour by ze clock, an I zink to myself, bigar I ave ze gran rumble in ze stomach, an I feel ver hungere as if I ave eat nosing for tree day like ze gentlman, who I ave no doubt ave wait all zis time at ze café for me. Ah quel stupide! I nevaire zink of zat before, an I look for my hat. It is not on ze table,—no! it is not on ze—restez! qu'avons nous ici? Who put my hat under ze bed? my new hat! I ave jus buy him, an ave jus pay von guinea for him. Venez! I go on ze knee. Ah ha! I ave got him, by ze ear. Venez ici donc, rodeur!—Wat ze debil I got here! Hein? Sacre-bleu! mille tonnerress! ze leetle hat wiz ze hole in ze top, bigar! I no like dat, ze gentlman ave made von gran mistake dis time, *an I no like dat.* Mais he *was* gentlman, he ave such ver good cote, such ver fine pantalon, and such good boot, mais I no like ze dam leetle hat *wiz ze hole in ze top.*—No! Mais he was gentlman.”

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE FLEA POWDER.

A FAVORITE COMIC RECITATION.

A Frenchman once—so runs a certain ditty—
 Had crossed the Straits to famous London city,
 To get a living by the arts of France,
 And teach his neighbor, rough John Bull, to dance.
 But, lacking pupils, vain was all his skill ;
 His fortunes sank from low to lower still ;
 Until at last—pathetic to relate—
 Poor Monsieur landed at starvation's gate.
 Standing, one day, beside a cook-shop door,
 And gazing in, with aggravation sore,
 He mused within himself what he should do
 To fill his empty maw, and pocket too.
 By nature shrewd, he soon contrived a plan,
 And thus to execute it straight began :
 A piece of common brick he quickly found,
 And with a harder stone to powder ground,
 Then wrapped the dust in many a dainty piece
 Of paper, labelled " Poison for de Fleas,"
 And sallied forth, his roguish trick to try,
 To show his treasures, and to see who'd buy.
 From street to street he cried, with lusty yell,
 " Here's grand and sovereign *flea poudare* to sell !"
 And fickle Fortune seemed to smile at last,
 For soon a woman hailed him as he passed,
 Struck a quick bargain with him for the lot,
 And made him five crowns richer on the spot.
 Our wight, encouraged by this ready sale,
 Went into business on a larger scale ;
 And soon, throughout all London, scattered he
 The " only genuine *poudare* for de flea."
 Engaged, one morning, in his new vocation
 Of mingled boasting and dissimulation,
 He thought he heard himself in anger called ;
 And, sure enough, the self-same woman bawled—
 In not a mild or very tender mood—
 From the same window where before she stood.

"Hey, there," said she, "you Monsher Powder-man!
 Escape my clutches now, sir, if you can ;
 I'll let you dirty, thieving Frenchmen know
 That decent people won't be cheated so."
 Then spoke Monsieur, and heaved a saintly sigh,
 With humble attitude and tearful eye :
 "Ah, Madame ! s'il vous plait, attendez vous,
 I vill dis leetle ting *explain* to you ;
 My poudare gran' ! magnifique ! why abuse him ?
 Aha ! I show you *how to use him* ;
 First, you must wait until you *catch de flea* :
 Den, tickle he on de petite rib, you see ;
 And when he laugh—aha ! he ope his throat ;
 Den *poke de poudare down* !—BEGAR ! HE CHOKE."

ISAAC ROSENTHAL ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

ADAPTED FROM AN ARTICLE IN "SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY."

At the time that Congress was debating upon the bill restricting immigration from China, I was endeavoring to gather from various sources the general opinion of the public on the question.

Mr. Rosenthal, who was proprietor of a clothing store in Avenue A, had been mentioned to me as an unusually intelligent German Hebrew, and I met him at the door of his store looking out for customers. As I paused for a moment he addressed me thus :

"Gome righd in, mein liebe Herr ! Don'd mind dot leedle tog. He vill not pide you. I geeb him to trive away de bad leedle poy in de sthreed. You like to puy zome very coot glothing ? I can zell you dot goat—for—Nein ? *Teufel* ! Id is not dot ? So ! And you vant to speak to me aboud de Shinamen ? Vell, I dell you dot you gome yust to de righd blaec. You bedder don'd go no furdur. You yust gome in de back shtore, you take ein glas bier, you smoke ein gut zigar—no, not dot—I call

him real Havana, bud I make him up-shtairs. I gif you a bedder one as dot. So! I lighd him for you. Now I shpeag mit you aboud dem Shinamen, und you put vat I say in de baber, pecause de public ought to know vat bad beobles dey ish. I keeb last year ein kleine shop mit mein bruder—hish name is Zolomon—and ve haf yust as coot glothes as dem dot you zee dere, and von day dere gome in ein, zwei, drei Shinamen, and zay to me, ‘How do, John?’ and I dell him dot my name ish not John; but he only laugh. Den he zay, ‘You got some coot glothes, John? S’pose hab got, mi likee see.’ I haf such vay of shpeaking nefer heard, but I can a leedle undershtand, and I t’ink dot he vill not know a coot goad ven he zee id, and I show him some dot ish not of the brime qualidy, and vill not last so long as dot kind as I show you, and I sharge him a coot brice, and he look at him, and dry him on, and I dell him dot id vill him very vell fit. Und den dish great rasgal he say to me dot he has not much money got, but some leedle box of very coot tea, und he make a pargain and shwop mit me. Und I t’ink dot I make mit him a coot drade, und I give him the goat, and dake de dea; and he say, ‘Chin chin, John,’ and go out, and I don’d never see him no more. Und vat you tink?, ven I open dot dea, I find him one inch coot, and below dot nod-ing but yust rubbish, and some schmall bieces of iron to make him heavy. Und so, mein liebe Herr, you can de reason undershtand dot I like not to have dot Shinese beobles gome to New York.”

HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—dey had piano blayin’.
 I fell’d in lofe mit a Merican frau; her name vas Madilda Yane.
 She hat haar as prawn ash a pretzel, her eyes vas himmel-blue,
 And ven dey looket indo mine she shplit mine heart in two.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—I vent dere, you'll pe pound.
I valzet mit der Madilda Yane, und vent shpinnen' round und
round.

De pootiest fraeulein in de house ; she vayed 'pout dwo hocndert
pound,

Und efery dime she gife a shoomp she make the vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—I dells you it cost him dear.
Dey rollt in more as sefen kegs of foost-rate lager bier,
Und fenefer dey knocks de shpickets in de Deutchers gifes a cheer.
I dinks dat so fine a barty nefer come to a hed dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty : dere all vas Sause and Brause.
Ven de sooper coomed in, de gompany did make demselves to
house.

Dey ate das Brod und Gensy broost, de Bratwurst und Braten fine,
Und vash deir Abendessen down mit four barrels of Neckar wein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—ve all cot troonk ass bigs.
I poot mine mout' to a parrel of bier und emtied it oop mit a
schwigs.

Und den I gissed Madilda Yane und she schlog me on de kop,
Und de gompany fited mit daple legs till de coonshtable made oos
shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—where ish dat barty now?
Where is de lofely goltten cloud dat float on de moundain's prow?
Where is de himmelstrahlende Stern, de star of de shpirits' light?
All goned afay mit de lager bier, afay in de ewigkeit.

CAPTAIN HURRICANE JONES ON THE MIRACLES.

FROM THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—BY MARK TWAIN.

There was a good deal of pleasant gossip about old Captain "Hurricane" Jones, of the Pacific Ocean, peace to his ashes! Two or three of us present had known him; I particularly well, for I had made four sea-voyages with him. He was a very remarkable man. He was born in a ship; he picked up what little education he had among his

shipmates; he began life in the fore-castle, and climbed grade by grade to the captaincy. More than fifty years of his sixty-five were spent at sea. He had sailed all oceans, seen all lands, and borrowed a tint from all climates. When a man has been fifty years at sea, he necessarily knows nothing of men, nothing of the world but its surface, nothing of the world's thought, nothing of the world's learning but its A B C, and that blurred and distorted by the unfocused lenses of an untrained mind. Such a man is only a gray and bearded child. That is what old Hurricane Jones was—simply an innocent, lovable old infant. When his spirit was in repose, he was as sweet and gentle as a girl; when his wrath was up, he was a hurricane that made his nickname seem tamely descriptive. He was formidable in a fight, for he was of powerful build and dauntless courage. He was frescoed from head to heel with pictures and mottoes tattooed in red and blue India ink. I was with him one voyage when he got his last vacant space tattooed. This vacant space was around his left ankle. During three days he stumped about the ship with his ankle bare and swollen, and this legend gleaming red and angry out from a clouding of India ink: "Virtue is its own R'd." (There was a lack of room.) He was deeply and sincerely pious, and swore like a fish-woman. He considered swearing blameless, because sailors would not understand an order unilluminated by it. He was a profound Biblical scholar—that is, he thought he was. He believed everything in the Bible, but he had his own methods of arriving at his beliefs. He was of the "advanced" school of thinkers, and applied natural laws to the interpretation of all miracles, somewhat on the plan of the people who make the six days of creation six geological epochs, and so forth. Without being aware of it, he was a rather severe satire on modern scientific religionists. Such a man as I have been describing is rabidly fond of disquisition and argument; one knows that without being told it.

One trip the captain had a clergyman on board, but did not know he was a clergyman, since the passenger list did not betray the fact. He took a great liking to this Rev. Mr. Peters, and talked with him a great deal: told him yarns, gave him toothsome scraps of personal history, and wove a glittering streak of profanity through his garrulous fabric that was refreshing to a spirit weary of the dull neutralities of undecorated speech. One day the captain said, "Peters, do you ever read the Bible?"

"Well—yes."

"I judge it ain't often, by the way you say it. Now you tackle it in dead earnest once, and you'll find it'll pay. Don't you get discouraged, but hang right on. First you won't understand it; but by and by things will begin to clear up, and then you wouldn't lay it down to eat."

"Yes, I have heard that said."

"And it's so, too. There ain't a book that begins with it. It lays over 'em all, Peters. There's some pretty tough things in it, there ain't any getting around that; but you stick to them and think them out, and when once you get on the inside everything's plain as day."

"The miracles, too, captain?"

"Yes, sir! the miracles, too. Every one of them. Now, there's that business with the prophets of Baal; like enough that stumped you?"

"Well, I don't know but—"

"Own up, now; it stumped you. Well, I don't wonder. You hadn't had any experience in raveling such things out, and naturally it was too many for you. Would you like to have me explain that thing to you, and show you how to get at the meat of these matters?"

"Indeed I would, captain, if you don't mind."

Then the captain proceeded as follows: "I'll do it with pleasure. First, you see, I read and read, and thought and thought, till I got to understand what sort of people they were in the old Bible times, and then after that it

was all clear and easy. Now this was the way I put it up, concerning Isaac* and the prophets of Baal. There was some mighty sharp men amongst the public characters of that old ancient day, and Isaac was one of them. Isaac had his failings, plenty of them, too; it ain't for me to apologize for Isaac; he played it on the prophets of Baal, and like enough he was justifiable, considering the odds that was against him. No; all I say is 't wa'n't any miracle, and that I'll show you so's 't you can see it yourself.

“ Well, times had been getting rougher and rougher for prophets—that is, prophets of Isaac's denomination. There was four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal in the community, and only one Presbyterian—that is, if Isaac *was* a Presbyterian, which I reckon he was, but it don't say. Naturally, the prophets of Baal took all the trade. Isaac was very low-spirited, I reckon; but he was a good deal of a man, and no doubt he went a-prophesying around, letting on to be doing a land-office business, but 't wa'n't any use; he couldn't run any opposition to amount to anything. By and by things got desperate with him; he sets his head to work and thinks it all out, and then what does he do? Why, he begins to throw out hints that the other parties are this and that and t'other, nothing very definite, may be, but just kind of undermining their reputation in a quiet way. This made talk, of course, and finally got to the king. The king asked Isaac what he meant by his talk. Says Isaac, 'Oh, nothing particular; only, can they pray down fire from heaven on an altar? It ain't much, may be, your majesty, only can they *do* it? That's the idea.' So the king was a good deal disturbed, and he went to the prophets of Baal, and they said, pretty airy, that if he had an altar ready, *they* were ready; and they intimated he better get it insured, too.

* This is the captain's own mistake.

“ So next morning all the children of Israel and their parents and the other people gathered themselves together. Well, here was that great crowd of prophets of Baal packed together on one side, and Isaac walking up and down all alone on the other, putting up his job. When time was called, Isaac let on to be comfortable and indifferent; told the other team to take the first innings. So they went at it, the whole four hundred and fifty, praying around the altar, very hopeful, and doing their level best. They prayed an hour—two hours—three hours—and so on, plumb till noon. It wa’n’t any use; they hadn’t took a trick. Of course they felt kind of ashamed before all those people, and well they might. Now, what would a magnanimous man do? Keep still, wouldn’t he? Of course. What did Isaac do? He graveled the prophets of Baal every way he could think of. Says he, ‘You don’t speak up loud enough; your ‘god’s asleep, like enough, or may be he’s taking a walk; you want to holler, you know,’ or words to that effect; I don’t recollect the exact language. Mind, I don’t apologize for Isaac—he had his faults.

“ Well, the prophets of Baal prayed along the best they knew how all the afternoon, and never raised a spark. At last, about sundown, they were all tuckered out, and they owned up and quit.

“ What does Isaac do now? He steps up and says to some friends of his, there, ‘Pour four barrels of water on the altar!’ Everybody was astonished; for the other side had prayed at it dry, you know, and got whitewashed. They poured it on. Says he, ‘Heave on four more barrels.’ Then he says, ‘Heave on four more.’ Twelve barrels, you see, altogether. The water ran all over the altar, and all down the sides, and filled up a trench around it that would hold a couple of hogsheads—‘measures,’ it says; I reckon it means about a hogshhead. Some of the people were going to put on their things and go, for they allowed he was crazy. They didn’t know Isaac. Isaac knelt down and

began to pray : he strung along, and strung along, about the heathen in distant lands, and about the sister churches, and about the state and the country at large, and about those that's in authority in the government, and all the usual programme, you know, till everybody had got tired and gone to thinking about something else, and then, all of a sudden, when nobody was noticing, he outs with a match and rakes it on the under side of his leg, and pff! up the whole thing blazes like a house afire! Twelve barrels of *water ? Petroleum*, sir—PETROLEUM! that's what it was!"

"Petroleum, captain?"

"Yes, sir; the country was full of it. Isaac knew all about that. You read the Bible. Don't you worry about the tough places. They ain't tough when you come to think them out and throw light on them. There ain't a thing in the Bible but what is true; all you want is to go prayerfully to work and cipher out how 't was done."

SHOO FLIES.

AS RECITED BY VON BOYLE.

Dose efening clouds vas sedding fast,
 As a young mans drough der fillage passed,
 Shkating along mid shtorm and hail,
 Mit dese vords tied by his coat-tail—
 Shoo Flies.

"Oh, don't go oudt such a night like dose!"
 His mudder cried: "you vill got froze;
 Dot Shack Frost he vill nip your ear:"
 He only answered mit a shneer—
 Shoo Flip.

"Come pack, come pack," der oldt man said:
 "Come here, und eadt dis biece of pread."
 He yest looked down, und hofe a sigh,
 I vas a hunkey boy mit a glass eye—
 Shoo Strings.

Higher und higher dot young mans vent ;
 For der shtorms he didn't eare a cent.
 He flipped de shnow off his nose und ear,
 Und dese vords vas heard, so shtill und clear—
 Shoe Tacks.

In about a veek, or maype more,
 Der people heard an awful roar,
 Dot sounded loud und far und vide,
 Von vay up of der moundain side—
 Shoemaker!

Two mens vos oudt a-shooting shnipes,
 Und vhide dey shtopped to shmoke der bipes,
 Und vhen dey happened to look around,
 Dey saw dot shticking from de ground—
 Kalamazoo!

A DUTCHMAN'S ANSWER.

Bill Jones was going to get married a day or two ago, and he forgot whar de minister libed ; so he started to find him out, so as to hab him come to de house an' perform de marriage ceremony. So arter getting along down de road for two or free miles, he became fearful ob gettin' on de wrong track. So he says to a big Dutchman : " I say, can you tell me where Mr. Swackelhammer, de preacher, lives?" and de Dutchman said, " Yaw. You just valk de road up to de creek, an' down de pritch over up shtreme, den you just go on till you cum to a road what vinds de woots around a school-house ; but you don't take dat road. Vell, den, you go on till you meet a pig-pen shingled mit straw, den you durn de road round de field, and go on till you come to pig red house. Den you turn dat house around de barn, and see a road dat goes up in de woots. Den you don't take dat road too. Den you go straight on, and de fust house you meet is a hay-stack, and de next is a barrack. Vel, he don't live dere. Den you will get a little

further, and you see a house on top de hill, about a mile, and you go in dere an' ax de old voman, an' she will tell you bedder as I can."

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE RATS.

A CELEBRATED COMIC RECITATION.

A Frenchman once, who was a merry wight,
 Passing to town from Dover in the night,
 Near the road-side an ale-house chanced to spy;
 And being rather tired as well as dry,
 Resolved to enter; but first he took a peep,
 In hopes a supper he might get, and cheap.
 He enters: "Hallo! Garçon, if you please,
 Bring me a leetle bread and cheese.
 And hallo! Garçon, a pot of portar, too!" he said,
 "Vich I shall take, and den myself to bed."

His supper done, some scraps of cheese were left,
 Which our poor Frenchman, thinking it no theft,
 Into his pocket put; then slowly crept
 To wished-for bed; but not a wink he slept—
 For on the floor some sacks of flour were laid,
 To which the rats a nightly visit paid.

Our hero, now undressed, popped out the light,
 Put on his cap, and bade the world good-night;
 But first his breeches, which contained the fare,
 Under his pillow he had placed with care.

Sans cérémonie soon the rats all ran,
 And on the flour-sacks greedily began;
 At which they gorged themselves; then smelling round,
 Under the pillow soon the cheese they found:
 And while at this they regaling sat,
 Their happy jaws disturbed the Frenchman's nap;
 Who, half awake, cries out, "Hallo! hallo!
 Vat is dat nibbel at my pillow so?
 Ah! 'tis one big huge rat!
 Vat de diable is it he nibbel, nibbel at?"

In vain our little hero sought repose;
 Sometimes the vermin galloped o'er his nose;

And such the pranks they kept up all the night
That he, on end antipodes upright,
Bawling aloud, called stoutly for a light.

“Hallo! Maison! Garçon, I say!

Bring me the bill for vat I have to pay!”

The bill was brought, and to his great surprise,
Ten shillings was the charge; he scarce believes his eyes;
with eager haste he runs it o'er,
And every time he viewed it thought it more.

“Vy zounds and zounds!” he cries, “I sall no pay;

Vat, charge ten shelangs for vat I have mangé?

A leetle sup of portar, dis vile bed

Vare all de rats do run about my head?”

“Plague on those rats!” the landlord muttered out;

I wish, upon my word, that I could make 'em scout;

I'll pay him well that can.” “Vat's dat you say?”

“I'll pay him well that can.” “Attend to me, I pray;

Vill you dis charge forego, vat I am at,

If from your house I drive away de rat?”

“With all my heart,” the jolly host replies;

“Ecoutez done, ami,” the Frenchman cries.

“First, den—Regardez, if you please,

Bring to this spot a leetal bread and cheese;

Eh bien! a pot of portar, too;

And den invite de rats to sup vid you.

And after dat—no matter dey be villing—

For vat dey eat, you charge dem jest ten shelang.

And I am sure, ven dey behold de score,

Dey'll quit your house, and never come no more.”

HOW JAKE SCHNEIDER WENT BLIND.

DUTCH DIALECT STORY.

In Germantown, near Philadelphia, several years ago, a native, simple-minded Dutchman, named Jacob Schneider, kept a liquor and lager-bier saloon. Jacob was not only fond of drinking lager with his customers, but would not refuse either corn-juice, red-eye, or Jersey lightning, when asked to imbibe thereof in a social way—the customer, of

course, paying an extra half-dime for Jacob's drink. One would not suppose that this friendly habit could, by any possibility, bring trouble and vexation upon honest Jacob, but it did, as we shall presently show.

One eventful night it was observed that Schneider had shut up his saloon and gone home full an hour earlier than usual. Being asked, next day, what was the matter, he told the following droll story :

"I shut up mine place because I was mad as ter tyfel, and was humpugged into der bargain. I'll tell you 'bout it. Yer see, three or four young shcamps comes into mine saloon, and one says to me, 'Yacob, you got some fresh lager?' I says 'yaas,' and I draws der lager; anoder von says he wants gards, and I brings de gards, and da blays gards. Pimeby noder says, 'Yacob, old poy, let's have some ret-eye; and mind you, Yacob, bring an extra glass for yourself.' Vell den, I brings der pottle of ret-eye, and da drinks two three dimes, and I drinks mit 'em two three dimes; and I gets so tam trunk dat I lies down on der pench and goes to shleep. Ven I wakes up, der room ish dark as der tyfel, put I hears der young chaps calling der gards; von says, 'bass!' nodder says, 'left power!—right power!' den nodder von, he says, 'uker'd,' and shwears like a drooper. Da was all blaying at der table, shust as da was ven I goes to shleep, but mine eyes was nix—I could shust see notting at all—the room was bitch dark. So I dinks I was plind, and I feel pad, and I cry out, 'O, mine Gott! I p'lieve I'm shtruck plind!'—Den der young chaps leaves der table and comes where I was, and makes p'leeve da very sorry. One says, 'Poor Yacob! you no can see—vat vill der poor man's vamerly do!' Nodder call me poor cuss, and says I no pusiness to trink noding stronger dan lager. I got mad den—mad as dunder—and I says to him, 'Vy, den, you wants me to drink it mit you? I p'leeve you put shtuff in der liquor to make me plind!' Den he laughs at me, and says I needn't trink if I did'nt pe a mind

to. Shust den von little poy gomes to der door mit a lantern, and I finds out der drick da vas blaying me—I see shust as goot as ever ! Der rascals had plow out der lights and make p'leeve play uker to vool me ! I told 'em twas all humpug, and they petter glear out, for I wouldn't light up no more. Dat's vat mine shaloon vas shut up for."

MONSIEUR TONSON.

A FAVORITE RECITATION.—FRENCH DIALECT.—BY JOHN TAYLOR.

There lived, as Fame reports, in days of yore,
At least some fifty years ago or more,

A pleasant wight on town, yecept Tom King—
A fellow that was clever at a joke,
Expert in all the arts to tease and smoke ;
In short, for strokes of humor quite the thing.

To many a jovial club this King was known,
With whom his active wit unrivalled shone ;

Choice spirit, grave free-mason, buck and blood,
Would crowd, his stories and *bon-mots* to hear,
And none a disappointment o'er could fear,
His humor flowed in such a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight :

A frolic he would hunt for, day and night,
Careless how prudence on the sport might frown.
If e'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view,
At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew,
Nor left the game till he had run it down.

One night our hero, rambling with a friend,
Near famed St. Giles's chanced his course to bend,

Just by that spot the Seven Dials hight.
'Twas silence all around, and clear the coast,
The watch, as usual, dozing on his post,
And scarce a lamp displayed a twinkling light.

Around this place there lived the numerous claus
Of honest, plodding, foreign artisans,

Known at that time by name of refugees.
 The rod of persecution from their home
 Compelled the inoffensive race to roam,
 And here they lighted, like a swarm of bees.

Well ! our two friends were sauntering through the street,
 In hopes some food for humor soon to meet,
 When in a window near, a light they view ;
 And, though a dim and melancholy ray,
 It seemed the prologue to some merry play,
 So towards the gloomy dome our hero drew.

Straight at the door he gave a thundering knock
 (The time we may suppose near two o'clock).
 "I'll ask," said King, "if Thompson lodges here."
 "Thompson," cries t'other, "who the devil's he?"
 "I know not," King replies, "but want to see
 What kind of animal will now appear."

After some time a little Frenchman came ;
 One hand displayed a rushlight's trembling flame,
 The other held a thing they called eulotte ;
 An old striped woolen nightcap graced his head,
 A tattered waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread ;
 Scarce half awake he heaved a yawning note.

Though thus untimely roused he courteous smiled,
 And soon addressed our wag in accents mild,
 Bending his head politely to his knee :
 "Pray, sare, vat vant you, dat you come so late ?
 I beg your pardon, sare, to make you wait ;
 Pray tell me, sare, vat your commands vid me ?"

"Sir," replied King, "I merely thought to know,
 As by your house I chanced to-night to go
 (But, really, I disturbed your sleep, I fear),
 I say, I thought that you perhaps could tell,
 Among the folks who in this quarter dwell,
 If there's a Mr. Thompson lodges here."

The shivering Frenchman, though not pleased to find
 The business of this unimportant kind,
 Too simple to suspect 'twas meant in jeer,

Shrugged out a sigh that thus his rest was broke,
Then, with unaltered courtesy, he spoke :

“ No, sare, no Monsieur Tonson lodges here.”

Our wag begged pardon and toward home he sped,
While the poor Frenchman crawled again to bed.

But King resolved not thus to drop the jest ;
So, the next night, with more of whim than grace,
Again he made a visit to the place,

To break once more the poor old Frenchman's rest.

He knocked—but waited longer than before ;
No footstep seemed approaching to the door ;

Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound.
King with the knocker thundered then again,
Firm on his post determined to remain ;

And oft, indeed, he made the door resound.

At last King hears him o'er the passage creep,
Wondering what fiend again disturbed his sleep ;

The wag salutes him with a civil leer ;
Thus drawling out to heighten the surprise,
While the poor Frenchman rubbed his heavy eyes,
“ Is there—a Mr. Thompson—lodges here ?”

The Frenchman faltered with a kind of fright,
“ Vy, sare, I'm sure I told you, sare, last night,”

(And here he labored with a sigh sincere),

“ No Monsieur Tonson in the varld I know,
No Monsieur Tonson here—I told you so ;
Indeed, sare, dare no Monsieur Tonson here !”

Some more excuses tendered, off King goes,
And the old Frenchman sought once more repose.

The rogue next night pursued his old career.

'Twas long indeed before the man came nigh,
And then he uttered in a piteous cry,
“ Sare, 'pon my soul, no Monsieur Tonson here !”

Our sportive wight his usual visit paid,
And the next night came forth a prattling maid,
Whose tongue, indeed, than any Jack went faster ;
Anxious, she strove his errand to inquire,

He said 't was vain her pretty tongue to tire,
 He should not stir till he had seen her master.

The damsel then began, in doleful state,
 The Frenchman's broken slumbers to relate,
 And begged he'd call at proper time of day.
 King told her she must fetch her master down,
 A chaise was ready, he was leaving town,
 But first had much of deep concern to say.

Thus urged, she went the snoring man to call,
 And long, indeed, was she obliged to bawl,
 Ere she could rouse the torpid lump of clay.
 At last he wakes; he rises; and he swears;
 But scarcely had he tottered down the stairs,
 When King attacked him in his usual way.

The Frenchman now perceived 'twas all in vain
 To his tormentor mildly to complain.

And straight in rage began his crest to rear:
 "Sare, vat the devil make you treat me so?
 Sare, I inform you, sare, tree nights ago,
 Got dam—I swear, no Monsiecur Tonson here!"

True as the night, King went, and heard a strife
 Between the harassed Frenchman and his wife,
 Which would descend to chase the fiend away.
 At length, to *join* their forces they agree,
 And straight impetuously they turn the key,
 Prepared with mutual fury for the fray.

Our hero, with the firmness of a rock,
 Collected to receive the mighty shock,
 Uttering the old inquiry, calmly stood.
 The name of Thompson raised the storm so high,
 He deemed it then the safest plan to fly,
 With "Well, I'll call when you're in gentler mood."

In short, our hero, with the same intent,
 Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went,
 So fond of mischief was the wicked wit.
 They throw out water; for the watch they call;
 But King, expecting, still escapes from all.
 Monsieur at last was forced his house to quit.

It happened that our wag about this time
 On some fair prospect sought the Eastern clime ;
 Six lingering years were there his tedious lot.
 At length, content amid his ripening store,
 He treads again on Britain's happy shore,
 And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London with impatient hope he flies,
 And the same night, as former freaks arise,
 He fain must stroll, the well-known haunt to trace.
 " Ah, here's the scene of frequent mirth," he said ;
 " My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is dead ;
 Egad, I'll knock, and see who holds the place."

With rapid strokes he makes the mansion roar,
 And while he eager eyes the opening door,
 Lo ! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal ?
 Why, e'en our little Frenchman, strange to say !
 He took his old abode that very day—
 Capricious turn of sportive Fortune's wheel !—

Without one thought of the relentless foe,
 Who, fiend-like, haunted him so long ago.
 Just in his former trim he now appears ;
 The waistcoat and the nightcap seemed the same ;
 With rushlight, as before, he creeping came,
 And King's detested voice astonished hears.

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
 His senses seemed bewildered with affright,
 His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full sore ;
 Then starting, he exclaimed in rueful strain,
 " Begar ! here's Monsieur Tonson come again !"
 Away he ran, and ne'er was heard of more.

I VASH SO GLAD I VASH HERE.

A HUMOROUS RECITATION.

One who does not believe in immersion for baptism was holding a protracted meeting, and one night preached on the subject of baptism. In the course of his remarks he said that some believe it necessary to go down in the wa-

ter, and come up out of it, to be baptized. But this he claimed to be fallacy, for the preposition "into" of the Scriptures should be rendered differently, as it does not mean into at all times. "Moses," he said, "we are told, went up into the mountain; and the Saviour was taken up into a high mountain, etc. Now we do not suppose either went into a mountain, but went unto it. So with going down into the water; it means simply going down close by or near to the water, and being baptized in the ordinary way, by sprinkling or pouring." He carried this idea out fully, and in due season closed his discourse, when an invitation was given for any one so disposed to rise and express his thoughts. Quite a number of his brethren arose and said they were glad they had been present on this occasion, that they were well pleased with the sound sermon they had just heard, and felt their souls greatly blessed. Finally, a corpulent gentleman of Teutonic extraction, a stranger to all, arose and broke the silence that was almost painful, as follows:

"Mister Breacher, I is so glad I vash here to-night, for I has had explained to my mint some dings dat I never could pelief before. Oh, I is so glad dat into does not mean into at all, but shust close py or near to, for now I can pelief many dings vot I could not pelief pefore. We reat, Mr. Breacher, dat Taniel vos cast into de ten of lions, and came out alife. Now I neffer could pelief dat, for wilt peasts would shust eat him right off; but now it is fery clear to my mint. He vash shust close py or near to, and tid not get into de ten at all. Oh, I ish so glad I vash here to-night. Again we reat dat de Heprew children vas cast into de firish furnace, and dat always look like a beeg story too, for they would have been purnt up; but it ish all blain to my mint now, for dey was shust cast py or close to de firish furnace. Oh, I vas so glad I vash here to-night. And den, Mr. Breacher, it ish said dat Jonah vash cast into de sea, and taken into de whale's pelly.

Now I neffer could pelief dat. It alwish seemed to me to be a peeg fish story, but it ish all blain to my mint now. He vash not into de whale's pelly at all, but shump onto his pack and rode ashore. Oh, I vash so glad I vash here to-night.

“And now, Mister Breacher, if you will shust exblain two more bassages of Scriptures, I shall be oh, so happy dat I vas here to-night! One of dem ish vere it saish de vicked shall be cast into a lake dat burns mit fire and primstone alwish. Oh, Mister Breacher, shall I be cast into dat lake if I am vicked, or shust close py or near to—shust near enough to be comfortable? Oh, I hope you tell me I shall be cast only shust py a good veys off, and I vill pe so glad I vash here to-night. De oder bassage is dat vich saish blessed are they who do these commandments, dat dey may have right to de dree of life, and enter in droo de gates of de city, and not shust close py or near to—shust near enough to see vat I have lost—and I shall pe so glad I vash here to-night.”

VAT YOU PLEASE.

A POPULAR COMIC RECITATION.—BY PLANCHÉ.

Some years ago, when civil faction
 Raged like a fury through the fields of Gaul,
 And children, in the general distraction,
 Were taught to curse as soon as they could squall;
 When common-sense in common folks was dead,
 And murder show'd a love of nationality,
 And France, determined not to have a head,
 Decapitated all the higher class,
 To put folks more on an equality;
 When coronets were not worth half-a-crown,
 And liberty, in *bonnet-rouge*, might pass
 For Mother Red-cap up at Camden town;
 Full many a Frenchman then took wing,
 Bidding *soupe-maigre* an abrupt farewell,

And hither came *pell-mell*,
Sans cash, *sans* clothes, and almost *sans* everything!

Two Messieurs who about this time came over,
 Half-starved, but *toujours gai*
 (No weasels e'er were thinner),
 Trudged up to town from Dover ;
 Their slender store exhausted in the way,
 Extremely puzzled how to get a dinner.
 From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve,
 Our Frenchmen wander'd on their expedition :
 Great was their need and sorely did they grieve,
 Stomach and pocket in the same condition !
 At length by mutual consent they parted,
 And different ways on the same errand started.

This happened on a day most dear
 To epicures, when general use
 Sanctions the roasting of the sav'ry goose.
 Towards night, one Frenchman, at a tavern near,
 Stopp'd, and beheld the glorious cheer ;
 While greedily he snuff'd the luscious gale in,
 That from the kitchen window was exhaling,
 And snuff'd and long'd, and long'd and snuff'd again.
 Necessity's the mother of invention,
 (A proverb I've heard many mention ;)
 So now one moment saw his plan completed,
 And our sly Frenchman at a table seated.
 The ready waiter at his elbow stands—

“ Sir, will you favor me with your commands ?

We've roast and boil'd, sir ; choose you those or these ?”

“ Sare ! you are very good, sir ! *Vat you please.*”

Quick at the word,

Upon the table smokes the wish'd-for bird.

No time in talking did he waste,

But pounced *pell-mell* upon it ;

Drum-stick and merry-thought he pick'd in haste,

Exulting in the merry thought that won it.

Pie follows goose, and after pie comes cheese—

“ Stilton or Cheshire, sir ?”—“ Ah ! *vat you please.*”

And now our Frenchman, having ta'en his fill,
Prepares to go, when, "Sir, your little bill."

"Ah, vat, you're *Bill!* Vell, Mr. Bill, good-day!
Bon jour, good Villiam." "No, sir, stay;
My name is Tom, sir—you've this bill to pay."

"Pay, pay, *ma foi!*

I call for nothing, sare—*pardonnez moi!*

You bring me vat you call your goose, your cheese,
You ask-a-me to eat; I tell you, *Vat you please!*"

Down came the master; each explain'd the case,
The one with cursing, t'other with grimace;

But Boniface, who dearly loved a jest,
(Although sometimes he dearly paid for it,)

And finding nothing could be done (you know,
That when a man has got no money,

To make him pay some would be rather funny,)
Of a bad bargain made the best,

Acknowledged much was to be said for it;

Took pity on the Frenchman's meagre face,

And, Briton-like, forgave a fallen foe,

Laugh'd heartily, and let him go.

Our Frenchman's hunger thus subdued,

Away he trotted in a merry mood;

When, turning round the corner of a street,

Who, but his countryman, he chanced to meet!

To him with many a shrug and many a grin,

He told him how he'd taken *Jean Bull* in!

• Fired with the tale, the other licks his chops,
Makes his congee, and seeks the shop of shops.

Entering, he seats himself, just at his ease;

"What will you take, sir?"—" *Vat you please.*"

The waiter turned as pale as Paris plaster,

And, up-stairs running, thus address'd his master:

"These vile *mounseers* come over sure in pairs;

Sir, there's another '*vat you please!*' down-stairs."

This made the landlord rather crusty,

Too much of one thing—the proverb's somewhat musty.

Once to be done, his anger didn't touch,

But when a *second* time they tried the treason,

It made him *crusty* sir, and with good reason—
You would be *crusty* were you *done* so much.

There is a kind of instrument
Which greatly helps a serious argument,
And which, when properly applied, occasions
Some most unpleasant tickling sensations !
’Twould make more clumsy folks than Frenchmen skip,
’Twill strike you presently—a stout horsewhip.
This instrument our *Maitre l’Hôte*
Most carefully concealed beneath his coat ;
And seeking instantly the Frenchman’s station,
Addressed him with the usual salutation.

Our Frenchman, bowing to his threadbare knees,
Determined whilst the iron’s hot to strike it,
Pat with his lesson answers—“ Vat you please !”
But scarcely had he let the sentence slip,
Than round his shoulders twines the pliant whip !
“ Sare, sare ! ah, *misericorde, parbleu !*
Oh dear, monsieur, vat make you use me so ?
Vat you call dis ?” “ Oh, don’t you know ?
That’s what I please,” says Bonny, “ how d’ye like it ?
Your friend, though I paid dearly for his funning,
Deserved the goose he gained, sir, for his cunning ;
But you, monsieur, or else my time I’m wasting,
Are *goose* enough, and only wanted *basting*.”

THE DUTCHMAN AND THE YANKEE.

COMIC RECITATION.—DUTCH AND YANKEE DIALECTS.

Several years ago there dwelt—and for aught I know
there still dwells—an old Dutchman on the line of the
Erie canal ; very illiterate, but very fond of money, and,
by some chance or other, pretty well supplied with it. It
was rumored, however, that he was not over-scrupulous at
times how he made it ; and the following incident goes to
substantiate the charge :

There came to his house, one day, an awkward-looking

individual, betraying in every turn and gesture that he hailed whence wooden nutmegs and other Yankee commodities are brought into market.

"How do, Squire?" was Jonathan's salutation, squirting a gill of tobacco juice inside the door, by way of a more definite announcement that he was "round."

"Valk in, mine frient," said the Dutchman.

In stalked Jonathan, peeping on all sides, and finally settled his six feet—be the same more or less—of flesh and bones in a chair by the chimney corner.

"Squire," said he, after a pause, producing a jack-knife and chipping off a piece from the boot-jack that lay behind him, "I've a notion, somehow or t'other, to be arter gwine to the far west; but darn my pieter if it ain't a long way thar, and I kinder guess I'm on the wrong track." And he went on whittling, eyeing the Dutchman occasionally from beneath the half disjointed front-piece to his plush cap.

"You goesh vest, eh?" exclaimed Mynheer; "vell, you ish on the right roat, my frient; but have you got a lichense to go vest?"

"License!" cried Jonathan, suspending his whittling; "I ain't got the first one, and what's more, cap'n, I ain't never heern of the cussed thing afore, nuther."

"Vell, vell," said the Dutchman, "that von't do at all. You musht have a lichense to go vest, for because they von't let you shettle out there without vone."

"How you talk!" was the Yankee's ejaculation, deeply concerned at this piece of intelligence.

"Dat is the truth, mine vrient," pursued the Dutchman; "but I have lichenses to shell—don't you vant to puy von?"

"Can't dodge it no way, can I?" exclaimed the raw one. "How much'll the tärnal critter come to?" he asked, producing a weazel skin in an alarming state of depletion.

"Only two tollars, dat'sh all, mine vrient," said the operator, rubbing his hands and rising to receive the fee.

"Wall, I suppose I've got to -deu it, anyhow, cap'n," remarked Jonathan, "shelling out the pewter," piece by piece, until he had counted out into the Dutchman's greedy palm two "halves" and "four quarters," leaving a balance in the weazel of three "York shillings," a "dime" and two "reds."

"Down with the document, Squire," he cried, shoving the skin into his breeches-pocket, and rising.

"Vell, mine good veller," said Dutchy, "I ain't got my spectacles, and you writes, don't you?"

"Jest like a school-marm, old chap," replied Jonathan.

"Vell, den, you writes won," said Mynheer, "for yourself, putting down your name, for to go vest and shettle there, and I'll shign it. Come up to de table, misther, and I shall give you de pen and paper."

The writing materials were produced; Jonathan threw his plush cap on the floor, seized the old gray goose quill in the ink horn, tried its point on his thumb-nail, and crouching his head until his right ear almost touched the paper, he drew his tongue out its whole length and wrote. When he had closed the scroll, he threw himself back in his chair to scan the production and see if it was all right.

"That's the talk," he cried at length. "These are presents is to inform all it may concern as how Jeddydiar Doosenberry is hereby and herein entitled to go to the far west, be the same more or less, and squat thereupon, for having paid me in hand the sum of tew dollars, lawful currency, as license for so gwine west and squatting thar."

"Dat's it!" exclaimed the Dutchman.

"Wall, Squire," cried the Yankee, "put your fist thar."

The license man did as he requested, and signed his name to the writing.

"Jeddydiar," as he called himself, took the paper, folded

it very carefully, as boys fold up a puzzle, and deposited it in his vest pocket among an assortment of old "chaws" of tobacco, gun-flints, matches, and other articles too numerous to mention. Then rising, he exclaimed:

"Squire, I'm much obleeged to ye for this 'ere piece of counsel. It takes a feller nine lives to keep track of the new kirks that turns up in the law. Good-bye to ye."

"Goot-bye, goot-bye," cried the Dutchman, and the victim went off whistling "Yankee Doodle."

A week had elapsed after the transaction we have just chronicled, and our Dutch acquaintance had about forgotten it, when a merchant of the village called upon him, saying:

"Mr. S., if it is convenient, I should like the amount of the order which you sent me the other day, and which I paid a man by the name of Doosenberry."

"An orter!" cried the Dutchman, utterly upset by the demand. "I never gives an order to nopody."

"But here it is," continued the merchant, producing an order duly signed, requesting him to pay "Jeddydiar Doosenberry" twenty-five dollars in goods.

Dutchy saw at a glance he was sold, paid up like a man, and has never operated in licenses since.

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE MOSQUITOES.

FRENCH DIALECT TRIFLE.

Petite moskeetare, your time it have come!
 Ze frost he have call for you—go you now home.
 All of your buz-ze-buz into my ear—
 Now I am rid of it, skeetare, my dear!

Ven to bed in my garret I go,
 Zen viz your moosic you bozaire me so,
 Viz your tin trompfit you sing all ze night;
 Mr. Jack Frost now he freeze-a you tight.

Ah! vat a blessing ze cole vintar be,
 Ven he kill all of ze skeetare and flea!
 Zen till ze spring time varm vedder sall bring,
 Monsieur Moskeetare, no more you vill sing!

HOW THE DUTCHMAN KILLED THE WOODCHUCK.

A DUTCH DIALECT STORY.

Vell den, I dells you mit te dime I goed a huntin mit mine brodder Shake, ven ve vash boys not so biggerish ash ve ish now. Shake he vash smaller ash I pin, unt I vash bigger ash Shake. We vash dwin boys, but dere vash about two or dree years bigger ash vun anudder vash. Vell den, von day I dakes brodder Shake unt two udder togs, und I dells dem we go a huntin mit te woodchuck unt some oder dings. Ve go te te old barn past, unt te pack of te field behint us, unt pooty soon we kit te voots in te mittle of us, ten I vistles to Shake unt te udder two togs, unt py unt py somedings schart te togs, unt they roon shust so pig fasht ash dey neffer vas roon pefore. Shake he roon pooty fasht, unt I roon, for I dinks somedings vas schart mit de togs. Pooty soon te togs vash stop mit roonin, unt vash makin dere hets in te log mit a pig hole in, ven I comes up. Shake, he says, "Prodder Hans, ter ish a woodchuck in te log mit de hole." Den I tells Shake, "You shust vatch mit vun hole, unt te togs te udder hole, den I vill make vun udder hole, mit mine ax, in te mittle of te log, unt den, ven I see him, I vill schlock him un te koop, unt schmite his het off mit te ax." So Shake, he says, "I vill stop te hole mit mine foot, so he vill not mooch kit out mit dis hole." Den I dakes mine ax, unt a hole make in te log. Pooty soon I kits a hole, unt I dinks I see te woodchuck, unt I dells prodder Shake to still be, unt I shopped a little more, unt den I sees te ding's het, so I makes te ax come down mit all my might--I dinks I vill make his het off--unt,

mine gracious! vat you dink! Prodder Shake, he make von pig noise, unt he gommence a groanin, schwearin in Tuch unt English all togedder, unt he says, "Prodder Hans, dash ish not te woodchuck; you ish von biggest fool, you hash schmite mine foot off. Oh! mine gootness! I ish kill!" Vell, I vash schart mooch; I dinks I had kilt prodder Shake, unt I gried, unt schweared a leetle, den I looked in te hole, unt tere vash a bart of prodder Shake's poot, unt two or dree toes, all ploody, laying in te log, put dere vash no woodchuck or any udder dings in te log. Shake he croaned so pig lout, dat I dake his foot unt dies mine shirt up mit it. Shake, he make him up on my pack, unt I garried him to te house. Py unt py his foot git well, put no more toes crowed out it, unt he say, "Prodder Hans, I vill no more go woodchuck hunt mit you;" unt he neffer did.

DER NIGHD PEHIND GRISDMAS.

PARODY ON "THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS"—BY SIDNEY W. WETMORE.

'Tvas der nighd pehind Grisdmas, und all ofer der haus,
 Nod von beobles vas schleebing, nix cum arous;
 Der sdoockings vas vlung all ofer dose shair,
 Vor hopes auf Saind Niglebus nix longer vas dhere;
 Yimmie und Shakey vas tossing widoud schleeb in der ped,
 Der leddle stomachs vas pig, wid gandy, nuds, bies und pread
 While mudder mit a nighd-dress, und I mit a gown,
 Vas yust make up our minds ve wouldn't lie down;
 Ven vrom der haus oud py der lawn ve heard somedings glatter,
 Like der tuyfle I shumped ofer my shair, vonderin' vat vas dei
 madder,
 Righd away quick to der vinder I vent, vith a vlash,
 Grapped away der plinds und shofed up der sash;
 Der moon, all undressed, vas foolin' arount pelow,
 Und saying, "Gife us a rest, mid dat 'Peautifful Schnow';"
 Vat vas dose, so hellup me, vidch to dhese eyes appear,
 Bud a horse und seleigh, poth vas oldt und qveer,

Trawin' a leddle oldt bump-packed rooster, solemn und schlow,
 Dot I know'd mit a glance 'tvas oldt Toctor Prough.
 Vrom der oudside I drew my head, und durnt aounts,
 Ven up-stairs comes dot rooster, mit dwo or dhree pounts;
 He vas all govered up mit a pig ofergoat made long pelow,
 Und der vhiscker py hes schin vas vhide like der schnow;
 He spoke nix a vord, bud straighd vend to vork,
 Velt all der bulses, und gife der arms a jerk;
 Und making hes vingers on der top of hes nose,
 With a vag auf hes ear, to der schimney he goes;
 "Von sboonful auf oil, oldt vomans, und sum prandy,
 Scheese dose nuts, raisins, bies und der gandy;
 Dose dender schmalt stomach vill never digest
 Der schveets vot dhey get—pretzels und krout vas der feast;"
 Bud dat makes nothings out, dose advice mit vrents,
 Ven der gustom auf Grisdmas der odher vay dends;
 All vater und mutters, oldt Schanty Claws too,
 Vas exceeding plind; vell, a goot-nighd to you,
 Und dhese vords ve heard him exclaim, as he trofe oud auf sighd,
 "Dose bully bies, raisins, und gandy makes toedor's bill all righd."

THE DUTCHMAN'S SNAKE.

A DUTCH DIALECT RECITATION.

Near the town of Reading, in Berks County, Pennsylvania, there formerly lived a well-to-do Dutch farmer named Peter Van Riper. His only son was a strapping lad of seventeen, also named Peter, and upon old Peter and young Peter devolved the principal cares of the old man's farm, now and then assisted by an ancient Dutchman, named Jake Sweighoffer, who lived in the neighborhood, and went out to work by the day.

One warm day in haying time, this trio were hard at work in a meadow near the farm-house, when suddenly Peter the elder dropped his scythe and bawled out:

"Oh, mine Gott! Peter."

"What's de matter, fader?" answers the son, straightening up and looking at his sire.

"Oh, mine Gott! Peter," again cried the old man, "do come here, right off!"

"Donder!" echoes young Peter, hurrying to the relief of his afflicted father.

"Oh, mine Gott! der shnake pite mine leg!"

If anything in particular could disturb the nerves of young Peter, it was snakes; for he had once been chased by a black one, and frightened nearly out of his wits—whereas had he possessed a particle of pluck, acted on the defensive, and stood his ground, the black reptile, which was probably the greater coward of the two, would have incontinently fled. At the word snake, therefore, young Van Riper fell back, nimbly as a wire-drawer, and bawled out in turn: "Where is der shnake, fader?"

"Here, up mine preeches!—O, mine Gott!"

"Donder and blixen! vy don't you kill him, fader?" exclaimed Peter junior, keeping at a safe distance from his suffering sire.

"I can't get at der little tyfel, Peter: you come dake off my drowsis, or he'll kill me mit his pites."

But the fears of Peter the younger overcame his filial affection, and lent strength to his legs. for he started off like a scared two-year-old towards the old man Jake, to call him to the assistance of his unhappy father. A few moments after, the two came bounding towards the old man, and as they passed a haycock where their garments had been laid when they began work, Jake grabbed the vest which he supposed belonged to his employer. During this time old Peter had managed to keep on his pins, although he was quaking and trembling like an aspen leaf in a June gale of wind.

"Oh, mine God! come quick, Yacob!" exclaimed he, "he pite like h—ll, here, on mine leg."

Old Jake was not particularly sensitive to fear, but few people, young or old, are free from alarm when a "pizenous" reptile is about. He seized a small pitchfork, and,

telling the unhappy Van Riper to stand steady, promised to stun the reptile by a rap or two, even if he didn't kill it outright. The frightened old man did not long hesitate between the risk of a broken leg or being bitten to death by a snake, but promptly indicated the place where Jake should strike. Whack went the pitchfork, and down tumbled Peter, exclaiming, "O, mine Gott! I pleeve you've proke mine leg! but der tam shnake's gone."

"Vere? vere's he gone to?" says old Sweighoffer, looking sharply about on the ground he stood upon.

"Never mind der shnake now, Yacob," says Van Riper, "come and help me up, and I'll go home."

"Here, I've got your shacket—put it on," says Jacob, lifting up his boss, and slipping his arms into the armholes of the vest.

The moment old Peter made the effort to get the garment on his shoulders, he grew livid in the face—his hair stood on end "like quails upon the frightful porcupine," as Mrs. Partington poetically observes—he shivered and shook—his teeth chattered, and his knees knocked an accompaniment. "Oh, Yacob!" exclaimed he, "help me to go home—I'm dead as nits!"

"Vat's dat you say? Ish dere nodder shnake in your preeches?" inquired the intrepid Jacob.

"Not dat—I don't mean dat," says the farmer, "but shust you look o' me—I'm shwelt all up, pigger as an ox! my shacket won't go on my pack. I'm dying mit de pizen. Oh, mine Gott! help me home quick."

"Dunder and blixen!" cried old Jake, as he came to the same conclusion; and with might and main he hurried old Peter along towards the farm-house. Meantime young Peter had shinned it home at the earliest stage of the dire proceedings, and so alarmed the women folks that they were in a high state of excitement when they saw the approach of the good old dad and his assistant.

Old man Peter was carried into the house, laid on a bed,

and began to lament his sad misfortune in a most grievous manner, when the old lady, his vrow, came forward and proposed to examine the bitten leg. The unhappy man opened his eyes and feebly pointed out the place of the bite. She carefully ripped up his pantaloons, and out fell—a *thistle-top!* and at the same time a considerable scratch was made visible.

“Call dis a snake? Bah!” says the old woman, holding up the thistle.

“Oh, but I’m pizened to death, Katreen!—see, I’m all pizen!—mine shacket!—O, dear, mine shacket not come over mine pody!”

“Haw, haw! you old fool,” roars the vrow, “dat’s not your shacket—dat’s Peter’s shacket! ha, ha, ha!”

“Vat! dat Peter’s shacket?” says old Peter, shaking off death’s icy fetters at one surge, and jumping up: “Bosh! Jacob, vat a tam old fool you must be to say I vas shsnake-pite! Go ’pout your pusiness, gals. Peter, pring me some beer, and give me mine pipe.”

The vrow’s wonderful presence of mind in ripping open the old man’s breeches, and the disclosures that followed, had evidently saved his life.

THE YANKEE LANDLORD.

A DIALECT RECITATION.

“When first I chanced the Eagle to explore,
 Ezra sat listless by the open door;
 One chair carcen’d him at an angle meet,
 Another nursed his hugely-slippered feet;
 Upon a third reposed a shirt-sleeved arm,
 And the whole man diffused tobacco’s charm.
 ‘Are you the landlord?’ ‘Wahl, I guess I be.’
 Watching the smoke, he answered leisurely.
 He was a stoutish man, and through the breast
 Of his loose shirt there showed a brambly chest;
 Streaked redly as a wind-foreboding morn,
 His tanned cheeks curved to temples closely shorn;

Clean-shaved he was, save where a hedge of gray
 Upon his brawny throat leaned every way
 About an Adam's-apple that beneath
 Bulged like a bowlder from a furzy heath.

'Can I have lodging here?' once more I said.
 He blew a whiff, and, leaning back his head,
 'You come a piece through Bailey's woods, I s'pose,
 Acrost a bridge where a big swamp-oak grows?
 It don't grow, neither; it's been dead ten year,
 Nor th' ain't a livin' creetur, fur nor near,
 Can tell wut killed it; but I some misdoubt
 'Twas borers, there's sech heaps on 'em about;
 You didn't chance to run ag'inst my son,
 A long, slab-sided youngster with a gun?
 He'd oughto ben back more 'n an hour ago,
 An' brought some birds to dress for supper—Sho!
 There he comes now. 'Say, Obed, wut ye got?
 (He'll hev some upland plover like as not.)
 Wal, them's real nice uns an' 'll eat A 1,
 Ef I can stop their bein' over-done;
 Nothin' riles *me* (I pledge my fastin' word)
 Like cookin' out the natur' of a bird;
 (Obed, you pick 'em out o' sight an' sound,
 Your ma'am don't love no feathers cluttrin' round);
 Jes' scare 'em with the coals; that's *my* idee.'
 Then, turning suddenly about on me,
 'Wal, Square, I guess so. Calkilate to stay?
 I'll ask Miss Weeks; 'bout *thet* it's hern to say.'"

YOPPY'S VARDER UNT HEES DRUBBLES.

A HUMOROUS DUTCH DIALECT RECITATION.

Vonst ubon ur dime, Yoppy and me—dot ish Yoppy's varder,—und mine vrow—dot ish Yoppy's mudder,—wend oaffer mit ter Yersey's lant vot ish pelong ter me. Dey vash der pudifulest lant vot neffer vash, dod I bade zu—ondly dey vos korffered oaffer mit doo muchd vasser. Vail, Yoppy and me—dot ish Yoppy's varder,—und mine

vrouw—dot ish Yoppy's mudder,—ve dakes der blough to blough ub all uf dose pudiful lants; und zo helb me pob, zo zoon I don't zay Rob Yackinson, und I hobe do porrow ein halber tollar von you uf me und Yoppy und mine vrouw—dot ish Yoppy's mudder—und ter tam blough didn't all cot sheepreckt! Yoppy vashed himself ashore mit a par of zorft zoab, und I vos neffer foundet avter a goobel ov times. Vail, I go mit mine howiz mit Yoppy, und I lookish in ter vinter, und zo helb me pob, uf mine vrouw—dot ish Yoppy's mudder—vasend det! Und I zays, “Yoppy, yourn mudder ish det, you tam leedle vool, und I ish yure varder. Und now you und yuse old varder ish bote uf uns orfunts.” Oh! mine Yott in himmel! zhe vos ur ferry heffy loss do me; she veighet zo more ash drie hoontret und dirty-drie bounts. Und zo yung!—she vos yoost dirty, und I ish dirty-two.

Vail, me und Yoppy und mine vrouw—dot ish Yoppy's mudder, you no—game von der Nye Yorik, und ve obens ur lager peir zaloon (not mid ur growpar, zo like ash dozo purklar vellers dooze); und dot vellers dey uset du gome mit mine howiz und schmoke mine peer und trinkt mine zickars und keeze mine vrouw—dot is Yoppy's mudder, you no—und boots it all town oof der schlades, und dey makes me noddings fur dot dings, zo de lonker ash I geebs dose zaloon, de more I don'd have got noddings doo.

Vail, von nide zo more ash dwendy-leffen pig vellers dey goom und dey role mine vrouw—dat ish Yoppy's mudder, vot ish korn det—und an udder parril uf zour krout town ter schdairs und dey trode me und an udder parril uf lager owit mit der vinders, zo I logs ter key und I buts ter toore int mine boggit unt I goes ter schdairs town, und I valls ter vinders owit und I prakes ter zidevalks mit mine pack, den I goes to der staytchun man und I prings der bolice howiz fur to getch dot vellers vot makes me zo much drubbles. Mine Yott! you ought hafe shood zeen dot vellers schketattle. Dere vas von veller, vot vash namet Hanzanz-

vanzdanzdandydanzvonhighvonlowvondutzenhizenlozen—ven I schpeak dot veller's namen I moost trink right avay ur glass lager! Vail, dat veller, der more he vash run, der more he shtand shtill all der vaster. Ven I vos schtobt running vor him, I vos fount dot I vash losd mit mineselves, und der night, him vos zo dick dot I cood shtur heem oop mit mine poots. Unt der rain, him goom zo vasd dot in more dan dree minudes mine shkin vash vet droo do mine glose. Und ven I zee mine hant pevor mine vace I kood not dell dat him vas dare. Vail, py-und-py, I veels mineselves along mit mine hants, unt ven I kooms for mine owen howiz—Yott in himmel! vot you dinks? Py tam, him pelongs to some anodder potty. Zo I makes up mine mint dot de lonker ash I leef, der more I don'd vind, py gracious, out. Den I goese du mine howiz, vot ish a pudiful one, dat ish on de gorner py der mittle uf ter plock—you garnt helb put miss id, ash id hafes ur vooden prass nocker vot ish mate uf tin, und a baper bane uf glass mit der vinder, und ish schinklet mis shtraw—zo I goes du mine howiz, as I vas say von dimes alretty pevore, und I vos hear mine leetle poy Yoppy schwear, und I leeks him zo like ash ter teyful; und avder I leeks him I zays, “Vot you tinks now, you tam leetle Dutch cuss?” und he zay, “I dinks nottings,” und I zay, “You lie like ter teyful, you leedle vool—you tinks—by tam, you know you tinks—and zo I leeks you again for dot.”

Vail, lasd dwendy-febund of secuary, dot vash Birthington's Washday, dot vash a circular singumstance, zo I geefs mine leedle poy (mine vrow's sohn) a pigtire uf Crossington Washing ter Delaware, und you moost peliefs me dat he has hat ter roomatory inflammatism efery dime since, pecause I don'd geef him dot wridings uf der Inderation of Declopendence. Vail, I geeps him quiet by puying him a pran new zegund hant obercoat do make a bair of shtoggins mit. Zo now he toand pe ad de pind of zig-ness any more many dimes longer, und he geeds up und

runs around egsglaiming, "Vere are de blayhoots uf mine childmades?" und I zays, "Ock mocken nix cum trusick von der busick und ter lally go sheng von der shyster lubies, und der schreetergeeter vonceber der ochsenschlagen." Und he zay, "You oafers ter fence, all der vile," und I dinks so doo, yoost zo ehure als I bin a Constantinopolitanisher dudelsackfifemachersgazel. Dot ish goot for anodder glass lager. I go vay queeck and trink it right away mit mineselfs

DHREE SHKADERS.

A PARODY ON "THE THREE FISHERS."—DUTCH DIALECT.

Dhree shkaders vent ofer mit Cendral Park,
 Vent ofer vhen der moon he vas high,
 Und efery von feel so gay like a lark,
 As dhey dink von dhere gals dhey vood sigh.
 Und shents must shkade vhen der vasser vas
 But dhey dond vood dook dose maits along
 To dot Cendral Park mit der eidy out.

Dhree maedchens yoost shtob in a barlor togedder,
 Und tanz und zing vhen der moon he vas high,
 Und efery leedle vhide looked ont mit der vedder,
 Vhile der plack glouds valked ofer der shky.
 Vhen shendlemans shkade der vinds ofden blows,
 Yoost der same as dot nite a shtorm he arose,
 Dot trofe dose shkaders mit der city quick pack.

Dhree olt coats vas hung mit a rack py der hall,
 Und each shkader vas habby like eny young shpark,
 Vhile der maedchens vas lafin und huggin dhem all;
 Dose shkaders dot comes so quick pack mit der Park.
 For shendlemans shkade und maedchens may vait,
 But dot nite der gals plessed fordune und fate,
 Dot der vedder vas so pad der door out, und dhem
 fellers vas come recht away quick pack dhey can
 mit dhere lofes dot vas vaitin of dhey shood been on
 dhere houses mit 'em.

THE FRENCHMAN'S PATENT SCREW.

HUMOROUS FRENCH DIALECT RECITATION.

Almost every one must have heard of the gentleman who cuts portraits. Some time since, in conversation with this gentleman, at his rooms, and at the same time looking round the room at his cuts, I observed a likeness of a gentleman with a screw attached to him. I asked, of course, the meaning, and received the following explanation :

“Dat screw, Monsieur Doctair ; dat is what I call de patent screw. I shall tell you of de circumstance of dat screw. Some time ago—I don't exactly recollect de time, but dat is no mattair—vell, as I say, some time ago, one gentilhomme come to me and say, ‘Monsieur, I vant you to take my likeness.’ ‘Vel, sair,’ I say, ‘I shall be very happy to do so.’ Vel, I commence and take his likeness, and ven he is done I say, ‘Dere is your likeness ; how you like him ?’ Vel, he say, ‘I don't like him very much.’ Vel, I say, ‘You bring your friends, and ven dey shall say dat is not like you, I shall tear him to pieces.’ Vel, he bring his friends, and his friends all say, ‘Bravo ! excellent !—dat is goot !’ But his friends tell him he ought to have dress coat instead of frock coat. Vel, den he fly up and say, ‘Sair, I shall not take de likeness, as you have not put him in a dress coat.’ Vel, I say, ‘Sair, you have not treat me like one gentilhomme ; as you have no pay me for dis, it belong to me, sair.’ Vel, he say, ‘You do what you like wid him.’ Vel, I say, ‘Sair, you vill now be so good as to leave my house.’ Very vel, I begin to cut anoder customer ; ven, all at once I drop my sissars—‘Excuse me, s'il vous plait, Monsieur, one half-minute ;’ and I take hold of de man and cut off his legs, and de coat of his tail, and put de screw to him as you see dere, and put a ring in his head, and hang him on de hook, and place him in my window. Now, sair, I have my revenge, my satisfaction.

Pretty soon his friend come round de window, and say, 'Vat is dat? by gair, it is him! dat is him!' and den dey all begin to laugh, ha! ha! ha!—and pretty soon all de boys come round and git hold of de joke; and den dey begins at him ven dey meet him in de street—'Pattan screw! pattan screw! pattan screw!' And bimeby de man come to me wid all froth at his mouth, and say: 'Sair, vat you have done to put the screw to me? I shall take de law of you!' Vel, I say, 'Go take de law!—and recollect, sair, ven you insult de artist, de artist have his revenge.' Vel, pretty soon he git all over de town, 'Pattan screw! pattan screw!' But vat is most remarkable, dat all de peoples vat owes me money—some two, some three dollar—all come and say: 'Monsieur, how much I owe you? I shall pay you at once. I no like dat pattan screw.' So you see, Doctair, dat pattan screw is very much important to my business."

KATRINA LIKES ME POODY VELL.

BY OOFTY GOOFT.

Somedimes ven I'm a feeling bad,
 Cause dings dey don'd go righd,
 I gid so kinder awful siek,
 Und lose my abbedide.
 Und ven I go me to der house,
 Und by dot duple sit,
 Dot widdles makes me feel gwide bale,
 Und I don'd kin ead a bit.

My head dot shbins around unt rount,
 Und my eyes dem look so vild,
 Dot of my mudder she was dhere,
 She voodn'd know her shild.
 Dot is der dime Katrina comes,
 Und nice vords she does dell,
 Mit her heart a busding oud mit loaf,
 For she likes me pooty vell.

She gifes me efery kind of dings
 Dot she dinks will done me goot;
 She cooks me shblendid sassage mead,
 Und oder kinds of foot;
 She ties vet rags arout my head
 When dot begins to shvell,
 Und soaks my feet mit Brandred's bills,
 For she likes me poody vell.

She sings me nice und poody songs,
 Mit a woice dot's shweed und glear,
 Und says, "Dot of I vas to die
 She voodn'd leef a year."
 Of dot aind so, or if id is,
 I don'd vas going to dell;
 But dis much I am villing to shwore—
 She likes me poody vell.

THE BEWITCHED CLOCK.

YANKEE RECITATION.

About half past eleven o'clock on Sunday night a human leg, enveloped in blue broadcloth, might have been seen entering Cephas Barberr's kitchen window. The leg was followed finally by the entire person of a lively Yankee, attired in his Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes. It was, in short, Joe Mayweed, who thus burglariously, in the dead of night, won his way into the deacon's kitchen.

"Wonder how much the old deacon made by orderin' me not to darken his door again?" soliloquized the young man. "Promised him I wouldn't but didn't say nothin' about winders. Winders is just as good as doors, if there ain't no nails to tear your trousers onto. Wonder if Sal 'll come down. The critter promised me. I'm afraid to move here, 'cause I might break my shins over somethin' or 'nother, and wake the old folks. Cold enough to freeze a polar-bear here. Oh, here comes Sally!"

The beautiful maiden descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle, and a box of matches.

After receiving a rapturous greeting, she made up a roaring fire in the cooking-stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of views and hopes. But the course of true love ran no smoother in old Barberry's kitchen than it did elsewhere, and Joe, who was making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the voice of the deacon, her father, shouting from her chamber door :

"Sally, what are you getting up in the middle of the night for?"

"Tell him it's most morning," whispered Joe.

"I can't tell a fib," said Sally.

"I'll make it a truth, then," said Joe, and running to the huge old-fashioned clock that stood in the corner, he set it at five.

"Look at the clock and tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman up-stairs.

"It's five by the clock," answered Sally, and, corroborating the words, the clock struck five.

The lovers sat down again, and resumed the conversation. Suddenly the staircase began to creak.

"Good gracious! it's father."

"The deacon, by jingo!" cried Joe; "hide me, Sal!"

"Where can I hide you?" cried the distracted girl.

"Oh, I know," said he; "I'll squeeze into the clock-case."

And without another word he concealed himself in the case, and drew to the door behind him.

The deacon was dressed, and sitting himself down by the cooking-stove, pulled out his pipe, lighted it, and commenced smoking very deliberately and calmly.

"Five o'clock, eh?" said he. "Well, I shall have time to smoke three or four pipes; then I'll go and feed the critters."

"Hadn't you better go and feed the critters first, sir, and smoke afterward?" suggested the dutiful Sally.

"No; smokin' clears my head and wakes me up," answered the deacon, who seemed not a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment.

Bur-r-r-r—whiz—z—ding—ding! went the clock.

"Tormented lightning!" cried the deacon, starting up, and dropping his pipe on the stove. "What in creation is that?"

Whiz! ding! ding! ding! went the old clock, furiously.

"It's only the clock striking five," said Sally, tremulously.

"Powers of mercy!" cried the deacon, "striking five! It's struck a hundred already."

"Deacon Barberry!" cried the deacon's better-half, who had hastily robed herself, and now came plunging down the staircase in the wildest state of alarm, "what is the matter of the clock?"

"Goodness only knows," replied the old man.

"It's been in the family these hundred years, and never did I know it to carry on so before."

Whiz! bang! bang! bang! went the clock.

"It'll burst itself!" cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears, "and there won't be nothing left of it."

"It's bewitched," said the deacon, who retained a leaven of New England superstition in his nature. "Anyhow," he said, after a pause, advancing resolutely toward the clock, "I'll see what's got into it."

"Oh, don't!" cried the daughter, affectionately, seizing one of his coat-tails, while his faithful wife hung to the other.

"Don't," chorused both the women together.

"Let go my raiment!" shouted the deacon; "I ain't afraid of the powers of darkness."

But the women would not let go; so the deacon slipped off his coat, and while, from the sudden cessation of resistance, they fell heavily on the floor, he darted forward and laid his hand on the door of the clock-case. But no

human power could open it. Joe was holding it inside with a death-grasp. The deacon began to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug. An unearthly yell, as of a fiend in distress, came from the inside, and then the clock-case pitched headforemost on the floor, smashed its face, and wrecked its proportions.

The current of air extinguished the light; the deacon, the old lady and Sally fled up-stairs, and Joe Mayweed, extricating himself from the clock, effected his retreat in the same way that he had entered. The next day all Appleton was alive with the story of how Deacon Barberry's clock had been bewitched; and though many believed its version, some, and especially Joe Mayweed, affected to discredit the whole affair, hinting that the deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting frozen cider, and that the vagaries of the clock-case existed only in a distempered imagination.

HANS IN A FIX.

DUTCH DIALECT.

Ven I lays myself down in my lonely pedroom,
 Unt dries vor to sleep werry soundt,
 De treams—oh, how into my het tey vill come,
 Till I vish I was unter der groundt!

Sometimes, von I eats von pig supper, I treams
 Dat my shtomack is filt full of shtones,
 Unt out in mine shleep, like ter tuyfel, I shereems,
 Unt kick off ter ped-glose, unt groans!

Den dere, ash I lay mit ter ped-glose all off,
 I kits myself all over vrose;

In te morning I vakes mit te headaches unt cough,
 Unt I'm zick vrom mine het to mine dose.

Oh, vat shall be dun ver a poor man like me!
 Vat for do I lif such a life?

Some say dere's a cure vor drouples of me:
 Dinks I'll dry it, unt kit me von vife!

THE FRENCHMAN'S MISTAKE.

FRENCH DIALECT RECITATION.

Not long since a sober middle-aged gentleman was quietly dozing in one of our railroad trains, when his pleasant, drowsy meditations were suddenly interrupted by the sharp voice of the individual by his side. This was no less a personage than a dandified, hot-blooded, inquisitive Frenchman, who raised his hairy visage close to that of the gentleman he addressed.

“Pardonnez, sare; but vat you do viz ze pictair—*hein?*”

As he spoke, monsieur pointed to some beautiful steel plate engravings, in frames, which the quiet gentleman held in his lap, and which suited the fancy of the little French connoisseur precisely.

The quiet gentleman looked at the inquisitive foreigner with a scowl which he meant to be very forbidding, and made no reply. The Frenchman, nothing daunted, once more approached his hairy visage into that of his companion, and repeated the question:

“Vat you do viz ze pictair—*hein?*”

“I am taking them to Salem,” replied the quiet gentleman, gruffly.

“Ha! you take 'em to sell 'em!” chimed in the shrill voice of the Frenchman. “I be glad of zat, by gar! I like the pictair. I buy 'em of you, sare. How much you ask?”

“They are not for sale,” replied the sleepy gentleman—more thoroughly awake, by the bye, and not a little irritated.

“*Hein?*” grunted monsieur in astonishment. “Vat you say, sare?”

“I say I don't want to sell the pictures?” cried the other, at the top of his voice.

“By gar! *c'est drole!*” exclaimed the Frenchman, his eye beginning to flash with passion. “It is one strange circumstance, *parbleu!* I ask you vat you do viz ze pictair,

and you say you take 'em to sell 'em, and zen you vill not sell 'em! Vat you mean, sare—*hein!*”

“I mean what I say,” replied the other, sharply. “I don't want to sell the engravings, and I didn't say I did.”

“*Morbleu!*” sputtered monsieur, in a tone loud enough to attract the attention of those of his fellow-travelers who were not already listening; “*morbleu!* you mean to say I 'ave not any ear? *Non*, monsieur, by gar I hear ver' well vat you tell me. You say you sell ze pictair. Is it because I one Frenchman, zat you will not sell me ze pictair?”

The irritated gentleman, hoping to rid himself of the annoyance, turned his back upon his assailant, and made no reply.

But monsieur was not to be put off thus. He laid his hand on the shoulder of the other, and showing his small white teeth, exclaimed:

“*Sacristie!* monsieur, zis is too muche. You've give me one insult, and I shall 'ave satisfaction.” Still no reply.

“By gar, monsieur,” continued the Frenchman, “you are not one gentleman, I shall call you one *poltroon*—vat you call 'em?—coward!”

“What do you mean?” retorted the other, afraid the affair was beginning to get serious; “I haven't insulted you, sir.”

“Pardonnez, monsieur, but it is one grand insult! In America, perhaps not; but in France, one blow your brains out.”

“For what, pray?”

“For vat? *Parbleu!* you call me one *menteur*—how you speak 'em—liar? you call me one liar? you call me one liar?”

“Oh, no, sir. You misunderstood——”

“No, by gar! I've got ears. You say you vill sell ze pictair; and ven I tell you vat you say, you say ze contrarie—zat is not so!”

“But I didn't tell you I would sell the pictures,” remon-

strated the man with the engravings, beginning to feel alarmed at the passion manifested by the other. "You misunderstood——"

"I tell you no! It is not posseeb! When I ask you vat you do viz ze pictair, vat you say?"

"I said I was taking them to Salem."

"Yes, *parbleu!*" exclaimed monsieur, more angry than ever, "you say you take 'em to sell 'em——"

"No, no!" interrupted the other, "not to *sell them*, but *Salem*—the City of Salem."

"Ze city of Sell 'em!" exclaimed the Frenchman, amid the roars of laughter that greeted his ears. "*Sacristie!* Zat is one grand mistake. Pardon, monsieur! *Que je suis bête!* The city of Sell 'em? Ha, ha! I will remember zat, by gar!" And he stroked his moustache with his fingers, while the man with the engravings once more gave way to his drowsy inclinations.

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

BY CHARLES F. ADAMS.

I have got a leedle boy
 Vot gomes schust to my knee;
 Der queerest schap, the greatest rogue
 As efer you dit see;
 He runs and jumps, and smashes dings
 In all parts of der house—
 But what of dot? he vas mine son,
 Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbs,
 Unt eferyding dat's out;
 He spills mine glass of lager beer,
 Puts schnuff into mine kraut;
 He fills my pipe with Limburg cheese—
 Dot vas der roughest chouse;
 I'd dake dot vrom no oder boy
 But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk pan for a dhrum,
 Und cuts mine cane in dwo
 To make der sthicks to beat it mit—
 Mine cracious, dot vas drue !
 I dinks mine head vas schplit apart,
 He kicks up such a touse—
 But never mind, der boys vas few
 Like dot leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese :
 Who baints mine nose so red ?
 Who vas it cut dot schmoot blace out
 Vrom der hair upon mine head ?
 Und vere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
 Vene'er der glim I douse—
 How gan I all dese dings eggsblain
 To dot shmall Yawcob Strauss ?

I somedimes tink I schall go vild
 Mit sooch a grazzy poy,
 Und vish vonce more I Gould haf rest
 Und beaceful dimes enshoy ;
 But ven he vas aschleep in ped
 So quiet as a mouse,
 I brays der Lord, " Dake anydings,
 But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

HOW A DUTCHMAN WAS DONE.

HUMOROUS RECITATION.—DUTCH AND IRISH DIALECTS.

Hans was in a terrible sweat. One of his finest calves had broken its leg, and he knew not what to do with it. At this juncture Pat happened along, and offered Hans for his crippled calf a pig, which in his oily brogue he described as "an illigant craythur, sur." After some hesitation, Hans agreed to accept the pig as an equivalent for the calf, taking Pat's word for the many good qualities of the pig, all of which combined rendered him a "jewel, sur."

A few days passed, and Pat had killed or otherwise dis-

posed of his calf, when Hans thought he would go and look after his pig. He found Patrick at his home in the suburbs, mending a wheelbarrow. Hans made known the object of his visit, when Pat said, "All right, sur; you'll find him in good health and fine spirits, sur. This way, sur," and Pat led the way through some beds of cabbages to a corner of the lot surrounding an unpretending "cot," where, in a much patched board pen, stood Hans' porcine property. The beast arose as the two men rested their arms upon the top of the pen and looked down upon him. As he elevated himself upon his long slender limbs, he gave a loud snort, and shaking his head till his long, pendulous ears flapped against his cheeks like leather aprons, he elevated his snout, and, backing towards the rear of his pen, began smacking his chops, at the same time uttering a low, dissatisfied and distrustful muttering sound. Where not hairless, he was sandy; was of the masculine persuasion; had white eyelashes, and a good deal of white surrounding his little glittering eyes—indeed, he had not at all a prepossessing look.

"He's a bit bashful, sur," said Pat, in explanation of the somewhat dubious conduct of the dissipated looking beast, and naturally anxious to remove any unfavorable impression said demeanor might have created in Hans' mind. "He's a bit bashful, sur, not having seen many jintlemen out o' me own family: but he's sure, sur, to be very fond o' ye whin ye've been a little while in his society, sur."

"Yaw," answered Hans, "das ist a ferry offeetionous look vot he hafe got: ton't it?"

"Indade, sur," warmly replied Pat, "ye may well say that. I've bin upon tarms of intimacy wid pigs ov ivery kind all me loife, sur, an' though I say it meself, sur, an' ov one o' the family like, still I will say, sur, that a pig ov a swater an' more forgivin' disposition I've niverhad to do wid in all me time, sur."

“Yaw, oxactly. You vas grief to part mit dose peautifol pig, now, ain't it? So schweet mit his dispositions.”

“Sure, an' how can I help it, sur? He was born wid me, an' he's bin wid mo all the days of his loife, sur, a-lookin' up to me an' a-dependin' on me, till his voice is as familiar as my own.”

“He look like der voice of him moost pe fery sthrong. Look on dose chests of him; mine himmel, he is more as drie inches vide!”

“Faith, sur, his lungs is as sound as the bells o' Brandon, an' when he obsarves me comin' home o' evenings, it's a loud whisper he spakes wid.”

“Yaw, vell, I dink now, he ton't cares fery mooch about his fittals—he eat shoost pooty moosh about anydings vat you gif 'im?”

“Not the laste partickuler, sur. He puts up wid the same as the rest o' the family, sur, an' divil a growl out o' his head, when pigs as has bin raised wid some families I know, sur, would roar night an' day about it, sur.”

“Oxactly. Now, pesides dat he ist an offectionous pigs; he got considerations about him—ain't it? Too berlide to put on some hiferlutin airs about grub matters. Vell, vell, dose manners! He vos most decisively ein fine pig—some pigs ton't got no considerations.”

“He's bin well raised, sur, an' is a credit to the family, as you can see for yourself, sur. There he stands, sur, all modesty, and observin' ye wid the greatest respect, bashful as he is.”

“Yaw, oxactly. A reckuler yewel yenerally, ain't id? Bote vot for he does make his eyes dat vay oude fon his het? Py plitzen! look on his mout, how he slobber, and how like ter teufel he pegins to whirler aroundt! Vot for ish dese? By Shupiter! he ist grazzy—he vill tie right away oude!”

“Ah, sur, it was that I had in me mind to tell ye. In some respects he is not robust, sir. Fits, sur, he some-

times haves fits. But you must bear wid him, sur, an' whin he's done wid 'em he's so conthrite, sur, ye haven't the heart to find fault wid him. It's a spacies o' epperlaptic, sur, prejudiced by former indispositions, sur; so a man tould me as had a dale o' practice wid physic as a cow doctor, sur. In his younger days the puir baste was much afflicted, sur, an' this brought on the fits, so the man said, sur. 'Pat,' says he, 'have he iver had the kidney wur-rum?' 'He have, sur,' ses I. 'The maisels?' ses he. 'He have,' ses I. 'The thumps?' ses he. 'He have had 'em,' ses I. 'The cholera?' ses he. 'He have, sur,' ses I. 'Zounds, Pat,' ses he, 'that accounts for the fits,' ses he. Ah! poor divil, he is aisier now. Shall I lep intil the pen and pass him out till ye, sur?"

"Oxkoose me, mine goot frient, der pig ist ein peautiful pigs, a reckeler yewel as vot you yenerally can find; but for mineself, I more radder have ein pigs vot ton't got some fidts simile like dose of him. I ton't took 'um."

Hans makes a break across the cabbage patch, when Pat sings out:

"Sure ye'd bettther take 'im, sur: a gratefuller baste ye never had to do wid."

"Yaw, but I ton't took 'um. You yoost keep dose pig; I don't gone to preak your heart mit a seberation mit der vamily, oxpecially to take away der prightest ornament vot it hafe got."

DOT LAMBS VOT MARY HAF GOT.

PARODY ON "MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB."

Mary haf got a leetle lambs already :

Dose vool vas vite like shnow ;

Und every times dot Mary did vend oued,

Dot lambs vent also oued vid Mary.

Dot lambs dit follow Mary von day of der school-house,
Vich vas obbosition to der rules of der schoolmaster,

Alzo, vich it dit caused dose schillen to schmile out loud
Ven dey did saw dose lambs on der insides of der school-house.

Und zo dot schoolmaster did kick dot lambs quick oued,
Likevise, dot lambs dit loaf around on der outsides,
Und did shoo der flies mit his tail off patiently about
Until Mary did come also from dot school-house oued.

Und den dot lambs did run right away quick to Mary,
Und dit make his het on Mary's arms,
Like he would said, " I dond vos schkared,
Mary would keep from droubbles ena how."

"Vot vos der reason about it, of dot lambs und Mary?"
Dose schillen did ask it, dot schoolmaster ;
Vell, doand you know it, dot Mary lov dose lambs already,
Dot schoolmaster did zaid.

MORAL.

Und zo, alzo, dot moral vas,
Boued Mary's lambs' relations :
Of you lofe dose like she lofe dose,
Dot lambs vas obligations.

THE YANKEE AND THE DUTCHMAN'S DOG.

COMIC RECITATION.—DUTCH AND YANKEE DIALECTS.

Hiram was a quiet, peaceable sort of a Yankee, who lived on the same farm on which his fathers had lived before him, and was generally considered a pretty cute sort of a fellow—always ready with a trick,| whenever it was of the least utility ;\ yet,| when he did play any of his tricks, 'twas done in such an innocent manner, that his victim could do no better than take it all in good part.

Now, it happened that one of Hiram's neighbors sold a farm to a tolerably green specimen of a Dutchman—one of the real unintelligent, stupid sort.

Von Vlom Schlopsch had a dog, as Dutchmen often have, who was less unintelligent than his master, and who

had, since leaving his "faderland," become sufficiently civilized not only to appropriate the soil as common stock, but had progressed so far in the good work as to obtain his dinners from the neighbors' sheepfold on the same principle.

When Hiram discovered this propensity in the canine department of the Dutchman's family, he walked over to his new neighbor's to enter complaint, which mission he accomplished in the most natural method in the world.

"Wall, Von, your dog Blitzen's been killing my sheep."

"Ya! dat ish bace—bad. He ish von goot tog. Ya! dat ish bad!"

"Sartin, it's bad; and you'll have to stop 'im."

"Ya! dat ish allas goot; but ich weis nicht."

"What's that you say? *he was niched?* Wall, now look here, old fellow! nickin's no use. Crop 'im; cut his tail off close, chock up to his trunk. That'll cure 'im."

"Vat ish dat?" exclaimed the Dutchman, while a faint ray of intelligence crept over his features. "Ya! dat ish goot. Dat cure von sheep steal, eh?"

"Sartin it will; he'll never touch sheep-meat again in this world," said Hiram, gravely.

"Den come mit me. He von mity goot tog—all the way from Yarmany. I not take von five dollar; but come mit me, and hold his tail, eh? Ich chop him off."

"Sartin," said Hiram. "I'll hold his tail if you want me tew; but you must cut it up close."

"Ya! dat ish right. Ich make 'im von goot tog. There, Blitzen, Blitzen! come right here, you von sheep steal rashcull. I chop your tail in von two pieces."

The dog obeyed the summons, and the master tied his feet, fore and aft, for fear of accident, and placing the tail in the Yankee's hand, requested him to lay it across a large block of wood.

"Chock up," said Hiram, as he drew the butt of the tail close over the log.

“Ya! dat ish right. Now, you von tief sheep, I learns you better luck,” said Von Vlom Schlopsch, as he raised the axe.

It descended; and as it did so, Hiram, with characteristic presence of mind, gave a sudden jerk, and brought Blitzen’s neck over the log, and the head rolled over the other side.

“Wall, I swow!” said Hiram, with apparent astonishment, as he dropped the headless trunk of the dog; “that was a *leetle* too close.”

“Mine cootness!” exclaimed the Dutchman, “*you shust cut ’im off de wrong end!*”

ZWEI LAGER.

FROM “LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS, AND OTHER POEMS.”—CHARLES F. ADAMS.

Der night vas dark as anydning,
 Ven at mine door two vellers ring,
 Und say, ven I asked who vas dhere,
 “Git up and git”—und den dey schvear—
 “Zwei lager.”

I says, “’Tis late; shust leaf mine house,
 Und don’d be making such a towse!”
 Dey only lauft me in der face,
 Und say, “Pring oudt, ‘Old Schweizerkase,’
 Zwei lager.”

I dold dem dot der bier vas oudt;
 But dose two shaps set oup a shout,
 Und said no matter if ’twas late,
 Dot dey moost haf “put on der schlate”
 Zwei lager.

“Oh! go away, dot is goot boys,”
 Mine moder says, “und sehtop der noise;”
 But sdill dem vellers yelt away,
 Und dis vos all dot dey would say:
 “Zwei lager.”

“Vot makes you gome,” mine taughter said,

“Ven beoples all vas in deir ped ?

Shust gome to-morrow ven you're dhry.”

But dem two plackguards sdill did cry,

“Zwei lager.”

“Vot means you by sooch dings as dese ?

I go and calls for der boleese,”

Says Schneigelfritz, who lifs next door ;

Dey only yelt more as pefore,

“Zwei lager.”

“You shust holdt on a leedle vhile,”

Says mine Katrina mit a schmile ;

“I vix dose shaps, you pet my life,

So dey don'd ask off Pfeiffer's vife

Zwei lager.”

Den righd avay she got a peese

Of goot und schtrong old Limburg sheese,

And put it shoost outside der door ;

Und den we did't hear no more

Zwei lager.

MONSIEUR MOCQUARD BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

FRENCH DIALECT RECITATION.

Meeting our friend, Jean Mocquard, a day or two since, limping along with his feet encased in a pair of large woolen overshoes, we said : “ Hello, Jean, where have you been for the last month ?”

“ Ah, sare, one situation miserable have detain me to me house. Zee gout, zee gout ! I am crucify all ze time wis dose two feet of me. I have, besides, trouble diabolique wis my landlady and my landlord, Madame Dobb and Mistair Dobb. If I drink somesing I suffer as do zee people of zer bad place. S'pose I not drink, Mistair Dobb he give to me fits ; s'pose I take one drink, Madame Dobb she

give to me fits. So you see I am place between what you call two fire.

“When ze big American holiday arrive Mistair Dobb become extremely elevate wiz too numerous whisky ponch. I go into me room and make of it one fortification. Dobb he say to me: ‘Come out and drink.’ I say to him: ‘My room is lock, is fortify. I no can drink. I am afraid, you see, of Madame Dobb.’

“Dobb he go away and presently return and project through zee keyhole one straw of zee rye or zee wheat, I don’t know, and hello to me in one small voice zat I sall suck of ze same. I do so, and find one what you call mint of zee julip at zee outside end of zee straw.

“I have done all I can, I have fortify, but Dobb he invade me, so I suck of zee julip—I compromise wis zee enemy.

“Now Madame Dobb she one ver ingenious woman. She have perceive zee little julip entertainment from a distance. Presently one more straw project himself into zee keyhole. I suck him, and, by gar! what you sink? Salt watair, by gar! salt watair! Outside I hear Madame Dobb remark: ‘He, ho, ho! he, he, he!’

“Ah, me friend, zee situation ver distreesful. I am constant between two fire—Dobb and Madame Dobb!”

AUNT HETTY ON MATRIMONY.

A YANKEE RECITATION.

“Now, girls,” said Aunt Hetty, “put down your embroidery and worsted work, do something sensible, and stop building air castles, and talking of lovers and honeymoons. It makes me sick—it’s perfectly antimonial. Love is a farce; matrimony is a humbug; husbands are domestic Napoleons, Neroes, Alexanders, sighing for other hearts to conquer after they are sure of yours. The honeymoon

is as short-lived as a lucifer-match. After that you may wear your wedding-dress at the wash-tub, and your night-cap to meeting, and your husband won't know it. You may pick up your own pocket handkerchief, help yourself to a chair, and split your gown across the back reaching over the table to get a piece of butter, while he is laying in his breakfast as if it were the last meal he should eat in this world. When he gets through he will aid your digestion, while you are sipping your first cup of coffee, by inquiring what you'll have for dinner, whether the cold lamb was all ate yesterday, if the charcoal is all out, and what you gave for the last green tea you bought. Then he gets up from the table, lights his cigar with the last evening's paper, that you have not had a chance to read, gives two or three whiffs of smoke, sure to give you a headache for the afternoon, and just as his coat-tail is vanishing through the door, apologizes for not doing 'that errand' for you yesterday, thinks it doubtful if he can to-day, so pressed with business. Hear of him at eleven o'clock takin an ice-cream with some ladies at Vinton's, while you are putting new linings in his coat sleeves. Children by the ears all day, can't get out to take the air, feel as dizzy as a fly in a drum. Husband comes home at night, nods a 'how d'ye do, Fan,' boxes Charley's ears, stands little Fanny in the corner, sits down in the easiest chair in the warmest corner, puts his feet over the grate, shutting out all the fire, while the baby's little pug nose grows blue with the cold, reads the newspaper all to himself, solaces his inner man with a hot cup of tea, and, just as you are laboring under the hallucination that he will ask you to take a mouthful of fresh air with him, he puts on his dressing gown and slippers, and begins to reckon up the family expenses! After which he lays down on the sofa, and you keep time with your needle, while he snores till nine o'clock. Next morning ask him to 'leave you a little money,' he looks at you as if to be sure you are in your

right mind, draws a sigh long enough and strong enough to inflate a pair of bellows, and asks you 'what you want with it, and if half a dollar won't do.' Gracious king! as if these little shoes and stockings and petticoats could be had for a half a dollar! Oh, girls! set your affections on cats, poodles, parrots or lap-dogs, but let matrimony alone. It's the hardest way on earth of getting a living; you never know when your work is done up. Think of carrying eight or nine children through the measles, chicken-pox, rash, mumps and scarlet fever, some of 'em twice over—it makes my head ache to think of it. Oh, you may scrimp and save, and twist and turn, and dig and delve, and economize, and die, and your husband will marry again, and take what you have saved to dress his second wife with, and she'll take your portrait for a fire-board; but what's the use of talking? I'll warrant every one of you'll try it, the first chance you get—there's a sort of bewitchment about it, somehow. I wish one half of the world warn't fools, and t'other half idiots, I do. Oh, dear!"

SCHNEIDER'S RIDE.

PARODY ON "SHERIDAN'S RIDE."—BY OOFTY GOOFT.

From gross der rifer, ad broke of day,
 Bringin' by Brooklyn fresh dismay,
 Der news vas send, by Dutchman drue,
 Dot der officers of der refenue
 Vood be ofer in less as an hour or dwo,
 To confiscate all der visky dey got
 In Sehneider's blace, or near der shbot.
 Und vilder yed dem rumors dey flew,
 Dill Sehneider didn't know vat to do;
 So he glosed der doors und barred dem dight,
 Saying, "Dey kin hammer away mit all der night;
 Of dey gid dem oben before id's night,
 Den I don'd know—but ve shall see

Who is der shmardesd, dem or me !"
 For a hour or dree no resd he got,
 Shdill Schneider shdaid righd on der shbot.
 Bud dere is a shdreed in Brooklyn down
 Dot isn'd bafed, dot leads righd down
 To Goney Island, und vat is more
 (Dot's a vonder id nefer vas used before),
 Id vas righd in frond of der back of der shdore,
 Und dere on dot road vas nine drucks und a cart,
 Loading mit visky all ready to shdart ;
 Dey're mosd all loaded, und Schneider is gay,
 In dem momends he'll be boud a mile away.
 Dey're off, und noding is left to show
 Vat vay dey made ub deir minds to go,
 Und oferyding's mofed, yed nod a sound
 Kin be heerd bud der veels agoin' around,
 As dey mofe so shwifdly ofer der ground ;
 Und Schneider looks back und says, " Goot day,"
 For now he's more as fife miles away.
 Shdill jumbs dem horses, shdill on dey go,
 Und der vay dey mofe dot isn'd shlow ;
 Dey're goin' down hill, und fasder und fasder,
 Dey're drifen ahead by Schneider, der masder,
 Who shducks to dem now like a boor man's blaster ;
 For vell he knows dot if now he's dooked,
 He kin make ub his mind dot his goose vas cooked—
 So efery mussels dey pring in blay,
 Cause dey aind any more as den miles away.
 Under dheir flyin' hoofs der road,
 Like a grade big mutgudder dot flowed,
 Und der flies dot had come all der vay from town
 Now got dired, und had to lay down
 To took a shmall resd ubon der ground,
 For " Schneid " und der vagons, dem vent so fasd
 Dot efen der flies gifed oud at lasd ;
 Der dusd vas dick und der horses gray,
 Und Schneider vas fifdeen miles away !
 Der wery first ding dot Schneider saw
 Vas der sand, und he heerd the ocean roar,

He shmelled der salt in der goot olt preeze
 Dot vafed ofer vere dere vash'd some drees,
 Und he feld firsd-rade mit his mind ad ease,
 Und dem weary horses dem seemed to say—
 “Ve pringed you, Schneider, all der vay
 From Brooklyn town und safed der visky,
 But 'bon our vords 'dwas radder risky!”
 Hurrah! hurrah! for Schneider drue!
 Hurrah! hurrah! for der horses doo!
 Und ven der shdadurs vas high und dry,
 Led some bully boy mit a groekery eye
 Gid ub on der dop of a barrel und gry—
 “Dese is der horses dot safed der day
 By carting der visky und Schneider gay
 From Brooklyn—dwendy miles away!”

THE DUTCHMAN WHO GAVE MRS. SCUDDER THE SMALL-POX.

DUTCH DIALECT RECITATION.

Some years ago, a droll sort of a Dutchman was the driver of a stage in New Jersey, and he passed daily through the small hamlet of Jericho. One morning, just as the vehicle was starting from Squash Point, a person came up and requested the driver to take in a small box, and “leave it at Mrs. Scudder's, third house on the left after you get into Jericho.”

“Yaas, oh yaas, Mr. Ellis, I knows der haus,” said the driver, “I pleeve der voman dakes in vashin', vor I always sees her mit her clothes hung out.”

“You're right, that's the place,” said Ellis (for that was the man's name), “she washes for one of the steamboats.”

The box was thereupon duly deposited in the front boot, the driver took his 'levenpenny bit for carrying it, and the stage started on its winding way. In an hour or two, the four or five houses comprising the village of Jericho hove in sight. In front of one of them, near the door, a tall

muscular woman was engaged at a wash-tub, while lines of white linen, fluttering in the wind, ornamented the adjoining lawn. The stage stopped at the gate, when the following ludicrous dialogue and attendant circumstances took place :

Driver—Is dis Miss Scutter's haus ?

Woman [looking up, without stopping her work]—Yes, I'm Mrs. Scudder.

Driver—I'fe got der small pox in der stage ; vill you come out and dake it ?

Woman [suddenly throwing down the garment she was washing]—Got the small-pox ! mercy on me, why do you stop here, you wicked man ? you'd better be off, quick as you can. [Runs into the house.]

Driver mutters to himself—I vonder vat's der matter mit der fool ; I'fe goot mind to drow it over der fence.

Upon second thought, he takes the box, gets off the stage, and carries it into the house. But in an instant he reappears, followed by a broom with an enraged woman at the end of it, who is shouting in a loud voice :

“ You git out of this ! clear yourself quicker !—you've no business to come here exposing decent people to the small-pox ; what do you mean by it ? ”

“ I dells you it's der shmall *pox* ! ” exclaimed the Dutchman, emphasising the word *box* as plainly as he could. “ Ton't you versteh ?—der shmall *pox* dat Misther Ellis sends to you. ”

But Mrs. Scudder was too much excited to comprehend this explanation, even if she had listened to it. Having it fixed in her mind that there was a case of small-pox on the stage, and that the driver was asking her to take into the house a passenger thus afflicted, her indignation knew no bounds. “ Clear out ! ” exclaimed she, excitedly, “ I'll call the men folks if you don't clear ! ” and then shouting at the top of her voice, “ Ike ! you Ike ! where are you ? ” Ike soon made his appearance, and inquired :

“W-what’s the matter, mother?”

The driver answered: “I dells you now onct more, for der last time, I’fe got der shmall pox, and Misther Ellis he dells me to gif it to Miss Scutter, and if dat vrow ish Miss Scutter, vy she no dake der pox?”

By this time several of the passengers had got off the stage to see the fun, and one of them explained to Mrs. Scudder that it was a box, and not small-pox, that the driver wished to leave with her.

The woman had become so thoroughly frightened that she was still incredulous, until a bright idea struck Ike.

“Oh, mother!” exclaimed he, “I know what ’tis—it’s Madame Ellis’s box of laces, sent to be done up.”

With this explanation the affair was soon settled, and Mistress Scudder received the Dutchman’s “shmall pox” amidst the laughter and shouts of the occupants of the old stage coach. The driver joined in, although he had not the least idea of what they were laughing at, and as the vehicle rolled away, he added not a little to the mirth by saying, in a triumphant tone of voice, “I vas pound ter gif der old vomans der shmall pox, vether she would dake it or not!”

TIAMONDTS ON DER PRAIN.

DUTCH DIALECT.

Hans Schoppenmeier geebs a millinery shtore py Shtate shtreet out, und vas hereditary on der soopject of dhem tiamondts. Ofer a mans comes on his hause mit shoelry of efery kindts, Hans vas got some affeëktions about him. Von tay dhere comes py his pblace von Mister Shmid. Now, dot shendlemans veers py his bosom a tiamondt bin, und von of der bulliest kindt. Hans shpeaks mit him und says: “Vell, Mister Shmid, how you vas? Dot ish a nice tay pehindt noon, Mister Shmid.” “Yah, Hans; id vas shure a goot tay.” “You dond vas pooty good-lookin

to-day, Mister Shmid. You got some mellongholly. Aind it? Vat ish ter tifficuldy?" "Vell, Hans, dot ish recht. I have some mellongholly py me. No longer as von veek ago, mine sister she vas dook sick und died, und now I got some sad indelligence dot mine mudder she vas on her death-ped." "Ish dot so, Mister Shmid? Vell, I dhruly sympadises mit you. Some dime ago mine brodder vas gone died, und I feel fery pad now. I yoost got some indelligences, too, dot mine leedle cousin vas been dookin sick, und vood die. I lofes dot leedle cousin, und dot cousin lofes me; und efery time vhen I goes me of her hause, vhen der nite he vas comes, she says of me: 'Goot nacht, cousin Hans,' und dhen goes on der fhloor py her petside, und, mit her leedle hands togedder, she brays to der Great Got Almighty—Ish dot a tiamondt you vear on your bosom, Mister Shmid?"

THE COURTIN'.

A YANKEE RECITATION.—BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
 Fur'z you can look and listen,
 Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
 All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
 An' pecked in thru the winder,
 An' there sot Huldy all alone,
 'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side,
 With half a cord o' wood in—
 There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
 To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
 Towards the pootiest, bless her,
 An' leetle flames danced all about
 The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, coz she was in,
 Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
 An' she looked full ez rosy ag'in
 As the apple she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' "kingdom come" to look
 On such a blessèd cretur',
 A dog-rose blushin' to a brook
 Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
 Clean grit an' human natur,
 None couldn't quicker pitch a ton,
 Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
 He'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
 Fust this one, and then thet, by spells—
 All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her, his veins 'ould run
 All crinkly, like curled maple,
 The side she breshed felt full o' sun
 Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice had sech a swing
 As hisn in the choir;
 My! when he made "Ole Hundred" ring,
 She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
 When her new meetin' bunnet
 Felt, somehow, thru its crown, a pair
 O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
 She seemed to've gut a new soul,
 For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
 Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heard a foot, an' knowed it, tu,
 A-raspin' on the scraper—
 All ways to once her feelin's flew,
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' loitered on the mat,
 Some doubtfule o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
 But hern went "pity-Zekle."

An' yit, she gin her cheer a jerk,
 As though she wished him funder,
 An' on her apples kep' to work,
 Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
 "Wall—no—I come designin'"—
 "To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es,
 Agin to-morrer's i'nin."

To say why gals acts so or so,
 Or don't, would be presumin';
 Mebby to mean *yes*, and say *no*,
 Comes nateral to woman.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
 And then stood a spell on t'other,
 An' on which one he felt the wust,
 He couldn't ha' told ye, nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call ag'in."
 Says she, "Think likely, Mister."
 That last word pricked him like a pin,
 An'—wal, he up an' kissed her.

When Ma, bimeby, upon 'em slips,
 Huldy sot, pale as ashes,
 All kin' o' smily roun' the lips,
 An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was just the quiet kind,
 Whose natur's never vary,
 Like streams that keep a summer mind
 Snow-hid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
 Too tight for all expressin',
 Till mother see how matters stood,
 An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
 Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
 An' all I know is, they were cried
 In meetin', come nex' Sunday.

A DUTCHMAN'S TESTIMONY IN A STEAMBOAT CASE.

HUMOROUS DUTCH DIALECT RECITATION.

Several years ago, the steamboat Buckeye blew up on the Ohio river near Pittsburg, by which accident a lady rejoicing in the name of Mrs. Rebecca Jones lost both her husband and her baggage. In due time she brought a suit against the owners of the boat for damages for the death of her husband, as well as compensation for the loss of her clothing. On trial, the defence denied everything. It was alleged that neither Jones or his wife was aboard the Buckeye, and therefore he could not have been killed or any clothing lost. The Jones family being strangers in Pittsburg, where they went on board the boat, it was difficult to find any witnesses to prove that the missing man was actually on board, or that he was killed. Finally Mrs. Jones remembered that a Dutchman who took their trunk from the hotel at Pittsburg was a deck passenger, and he was soon found and subpoenaed as a witness. His name was Deitzman, and being called to the stand he was questioned as follows :

Counsel for Mrs. Jones—Mr. Deitzman, did you know the steamboat Buckeye ?

Witness—Yaw, I vas plow up mit her.

Counsel—Was you on board when the boiler collapsed ?

Witness—Yaas, I vas on de poat ven de piler bust.

Counsel—Did you know Mr. Jones, the husband of this lady ? [pointing to plaintiff.]

Witness—To pe shure I know him : I pring his trunk

on de poat at Bittsburg, and ve paid our passage togedder at der captain's office.

Counsel—Well, did he stay aboard: did you see him on the boat at the time of the explosion?

Witness—Nix: I didn't see Mr. Shones on der boat at dat time.

Counsel for Defence [eagerly]—So, he wasn't on the Buckeye when the boiler exploded, that you know of?

Witness—I didn't say dat.

Counsel [with a triumphant glance at the jury]—What did you say then? when did you last see Jones?

Witness—Vell, I shtood by der shmoke bipe ven der piler pust, and I didn't see Mr. Shones den; but ven me and der shmoke bipe vas goin' up in de air, I see Shones coming down! Dat's der last time I see him."

This testimony being thought conclusive, the jury gave Mrs. Jones a verdict for five thousand dollars.

EBENEZER ON A BUST.

A YANKEE STORY.

"Massy saiks alive, Eb's hum agin!" says Cousin Sally, running into the kitchen to Marm Green, who, up to her elbows in the dough, "dropt all" and came out to see her hopeful son stalk into the porch as big as all out-doors.

"Wher' on airth, Eb, hev yeou been!" says the old lady.

"Where hev I been? Why, daown't Bosting."

"Massy saiks, Eb, what on airth did yeou dew—had yeou a good time, Ebenezer?"

"Good time! Oh-o-ugh, persimmons! hadn't I a time! Cute time, by golly; a-a-and marm, I made the money fly—did, by golly!"

"Why, haow yeou talk, Eb!" says Marm Green, "I hope, son Ebenezer, yeou didn't break any of the Com-mandments, or nuthin'?"

“Break the Commandments? Wa-a-all, neo, didn’t break nothin’. Everlastin’ salvation, marm, yeou don’t s’pose a feller’s goin’ deown tew Bosting and not cut a shine nor nothin’. Yeou see, marm, I went inteu a shaw’p to get a drink of that almighty good stuff, spreuce beer, and—a-and two gals, sleek critters, axed me tew treat!”

“Land saiks alive!—*yeou didn’t do it, though, Eb?*”

“Wa-all, I did though, *naow!* I was aout on a time, marm, and I didn’t care a darn wether school kept or not, as the boy told his boss.”

“Ebenezer, *don’t you swear!*”

“Haint a gone to, marm; but yeou see, them gals axed me to treat, and I did, and don’t keer a darn who knows it! Yeou see I paid fur ther two glasses of spreuce beer and mine, that was fo’pence, slap deown; then I bought ten cents wuth of ree-sins for ’em, and, by Beunker, I’d rather spent that hull ninepence *than gone off sneakin’!*”

HANS BREITMANN AND THE TURNERS.

CHAS. G. LELAND.

Hans Breitmann choined de Toorners,

Novemper in de fall,

Und dey gifed a boostin’ bender

All in de Toorner Hall.

Dere comed de whole Gesangverein,

Mit der Liederlich Aepfel Chor,

Und dey blowed on de drooms und stroomed on de fifes,

Till dey couldn’t refise no more.

Hans Breitmann choined de Toorners,

Dey all set oop some shouts,

Dey took’d him into deir Toorner Hall,

Und poots him a course of shprouts;

Pey poots him on der barrell-hell pars

Und shtands him oop on his head,

Und dey poomps de beer mit an enchine hose
 In his mout' dill he's 'pout half tead !

Hans Breitmann choined de Toorners—

Dey make shimnastig dricks,
 He stoot on de middle of de floor,
 Und put oop a fify-six ;
 Und den he trows it to de roof,
 Und schwig off a treadful trink ;
 De veight coom toomple back on his headt,
 Und, py shinks ! he didn't wink !

Hans Breitmann choined de Toorners :—

Mein Gott ! how dey drinked und shwore ;
 Dere vas Schwabians und Tyrolers,
 Und Bavarians by de score.
 Some vellers coomed from de Rheinland,
 Und Frankfort-on-de-Main ;
 Boot dere vas only von Sharman dere,
 Und *he* vas a *Holstein* Dane.

Hans Breitmann choined de Toorners,

Mit a Limpurg' cheese he coom ;
 Ven he open de box it schmell so loudt
 It knock de musik doomb.
 Ven de Deutschers kit de flavor,
 It coorl de haar on dere head ;
 Boot dere vas dwo Amerigans dere,
 Und, py tam ! it kilt dem dead !

Hans Breitmann choined de Toorners,

De ladies coomed in to see ;
 Dey poot dem in de blace for de gals,
 All in der gal-lerie.
 Dey ashk, " Where ish der Breitmann ?"
 And dey dremple mit awe and fear
 Ven dey see him schwingen py de toes
 A-trinken lager bier.

Hans Breitmann choined de Toorners :—

I dells you vot, py tam !
 Dey sings de great Urbummellied,
 De holy Sharman psalm.

Und ven dey kits to de gorus
 You ought to hear dem tramp!
 It scared der Teufel down below
 To hear de Dootchmen stamp.

Hans Breitmann choined de Toorners:—
 By donner! it vas grand
 Vhen de whole of dem goes a-valkin'
 Und dancin' on dere hand,
 Mit de veet all wavin in de air—
 Gotts tausend! vot a dricks!
 Dill der Breitmann fall und dey all go down
 Shoost like a row of bricks.

Hans Breitmann choined de Toorners,
 Dey lay dere in a heap,
 And slept dill de early sonnen shine
 Come in at de window creep;
 And de preeze it vake dem from deir dream,
 And dey go to kit deir feed:
 Here hat dis song an ende—
 Das ist des Breitmanns Lied.

SUT LOVINGOOD'S SHIRT.

SOUTHWESTERN DIALECT.—FROM SUT LOVINGOOD'S YARNS.

I met Sut one morning, weaving along in his usual rambling, uncertain gait. His appearance satisfied me at once that something was wrong. He had been sick—whipped in a free fight, or was just getting on his legs again, from a "big drunk."

But upon this point I was soon enlightened.

"Why, Sut, what's wrong now? you look sick."

"Heaps wrong, durn my skin—no, my haslets—ef I haint mos' ded, an' my looks don't lie when they hints that I'se sick. I is sick—I'se skin'd."

"Who skinned you—old Bullen?"

“No, hoss, a durnder fool nor Bullen did hit; I jis skin'd myself.”

“What in the name of common sense did you do it for?”

“Didn't du hit in the name ove common sense; did hit in the name, an' wif the sperit, ove plum natral-born durn fool.

“Lite ofen that ar hoss, an' take a ho'n; I wants two ove 'em (shaking his constant companion, a whisky flask, at me), an' plant yerself ontu that ar log, an' I'll tell, ef I kin, but hit's a'mos beyant tellin'.

“I'se a durnder fool nor enybody outside a Assalum ur Kongriss, 'sceptin ove my own dad, fur he actid hoss, an' I haint tried that yet. I'se allers intu sum trap what wudn't ketch a saidge-field sheep. I'll drownd myself sum day, jes see ef I don't. I spects that wud stop the famerly dispersition to act durn fool, so fur es Sut's consarn'd.”

“Well, how is it, Sut; have you been beat playing cards or drinking?”

“Nara wun, by geminy! them jobs can't be did in these yere parts, es enybody no's on; but seein hits yu, I'll tell hit. I'se sick-sham'd-sorry-sore-an'-mad tu kill, I is. Yu no I boards wif Bill Carr, at his cabin ontu the mountain, an' pays fur sich es I gits when I hes munny, an' when I hesent eny, why he takes wun third outer me in holesum hot cussin; an' she, that's his wife Betts, takes tuther three thirds out wif the battlin stick, an' the intrus' wif her sharp tongue, an' she takes more intrus' nor principal. She's the cussedes' 'oman I ever seed eny how, fur jaw, breedin, an' pride. She kin scold a blister rite plum ontu a bull's curl in two minits. She outbreeds enything frum thar tu the river—takin in the minks—an' patterns arter all new fangl'd fashuns she hears tell on, frum bussils tu britches. Oh! she's wun ove em, an' sumtimes she's two or three, she is.

“Well, yu see I'd got hole on sum homade cottin cloff,

fur a shirt, an' coax'd Betts tu make hit ; an' bout the time hit wer dun, yere cum a cussed stuck-up lawyer, name Jonsin, an' ax'd fur brekfus'—rite yere I wishes the bread had been asnick, an' the meat strikenine, an' that he'd a staid an' tuck dinner too, fur he hes ni ontu fotch about my aind, durn his sashararer mițimurs ole soul tu thunder !

"I wonder hit didn't work 'im pow'ful es hit wer ; fur Betts cooks up sum tarifyin mixtrys ove vittils, when she tries hersef. I'se pizen proof my sef ; far thuty dullars, I'd jis let a sluice ove aquafotis run thru me fur ha'f a day, an' then live tu spen' the las' durn cent fur churnbrain whiskey ; ef I warnt (holding up his flask and peeping through it), I'd dun been ded long ago.

"Well, while he wer eatin, she spied out that his shut wer mons'ous stiff, an' es slick es glass ; so she never rested ontill she wurmed hit outen 'im that hit wer dun wif a flour preparashun. She went wif 'im a piece ove the way down the mountin, tu get the particulers, an' when she cum back she said she *had em*. I thot she had myse'f.

"She imejuntly sot in, an' biled a big pot ove paste, ni ontu a peek ove hit, an' tole me I wer gwine tu hev 'the gonest purty shut in that range.' Well, she wer sorter rite, fur when I las seed hit hit wer 'purty—yas, orful purty, tu a rat, ur a buzzard, ur eny uther varmint fon' ove dirty, skary lookin things ; but frum the time I staid inside ove hit, I can't say that es a human shut I'd gin a durn fur a dozin ove em. 'Gonest purty shut!'—the cussed ole hen jay bird, I jis' wish she hed tu war it wif a redpepper linin' on till she gits a-pas' hatchin', an' that wud be ni ontu eleving year, ef she teils the truff.

"She soused my shut intu the pot, an' soaked hit thar ontill hit tuck up mos' ove the paste ; then she tuck hit an' iron'd hit out flat an' dry, an' sot hit on hits aidege agin the cabin in the sun. Thar hit stood, like a dry hoss hide, an' hit rattiled like ontu a sheet ove iron, hit

did, pasted together all over—'gonest purty shut!'—durn'd huzzy!

"When I cum tu dinner, nuffin wud du Betts, but I mus' put myse'f inside hit rite thar. She partid the tails a littil piece wif a case nife, an' arter I got my hed started up intu hit, she'd pull down fus' at wun tail, an' then tuther, ontill I wer farly inside ove hit, an' button'd in. Durn the everlastin, infunel, new fangled sheet iron cuss ove a shut, I say! I felt like I'd crowded intu a ole beegum, an' hit all full ove pissants, but hit wer a 'born'd twin ove Lawyer Jonsin's,' Betts sed, an' I felt like standin es much pussonal discumfurt es he cud, jis tu git tu sampil arter sumbody human. I didn't know, tu, but what hit hed the vartu ove makin a lawyer outen me agin hit got limber.

"I sot in tu bildin ove a ash-hopper fur Betts, an' work'd pow'ful hard, sweat like a hoss, an' then the shut quit hits hurtin, an' tuck tu feelin slippery. Thinks I, that's sorter lawyer-like enyhow, an' I wer hope up bout the shut, an' what mout cum outen hit.

"Arter I got dun work, I tuck me a four-finger dost ove bumble-bee whisky, went up intu the lof', an' fell asleep a-thinkin bout bein a rale sashararer lawyer, hoss, saddil bags an' books; an' Betts went over the top tu see her mam.

"Well, arter a while I waked up; I'd jis' been dreamin that the judge ove the supreme cort had me sowed up in a raw hide, an' sot up agin a hot pottery kill tu dry, an' the dryin woke me.

"I now thort I wer ded, an' hed died ove rhumaticks ove the hurtines' kind. All the jints I cud muve wer my ankils, knees, an' wrists; cudn't even move my hed, an' scarsely wink my eyes; the cussed shut wer pasted fas' ontu me all over, frum the ainds ove the tails tu the pints ove the broad-axe collar over my years. Hit sot tu me es elost es a poor cow dus tu her hide in March. I worm'd

an' strain'd, an' cuss'd an' grunt'd, till I got hit sorter broke at the shoulders an' elbows, an' then I dun the durndes' fool thing ever did in these yere mountins. I shuffl'd an' tore my britches off, an' skin'd loose frum my hide bout two inches ove the tail all roun in orful pain, an' quick-stingin trebulashun. Oh! great golly grampus, how it hurt! Then I tuck up a plank outen the lof', an' hung my laigs down thru the hole, sot in, an' nail'd the aidge ove the frunt tail tu the floor afore me, an' the hinc tail I nail'd tu the plank what I sot on. I flung the hammer outen my reach, tu keep my hart frum failin me, on-button'd the collar an' risbans, raised my hans way abuv my hed, shot up my eyes, sed a short grace, an' jump'd thru to the groun' floor, jis thuteen foot wun inch clear ove jists."

Here Sut remarked, sadly shaking his head, "George, I'se a durnder fool nor dad, hoss, ho'nets, an gopher. I'll hev tu drown'd mysef sum ove these days, see ef I don't."

"Well, go on, Sut; did the shirt come off?"

"I—t—h—i—n—k—h—i—t——d—i—d.

"I hearn a n'ise like tarin a shingle ruff ofen a hous' at wun rake, an' felt like my bones wer all what lef the shut, an' reach'd the floor. I stagger'd tu my feet, an' tuck a moanful look up at my shut. The nails hed hilt thar holt, an' so hed the tail hem; thar hit wer hangin, arms down, inside out, an' jis es stiff es ever. Hit look'd like a map ove Mexico, arter one ove the wurst battils. A patch ove my skin 'bout the size ove a dullar, ur a dullar an' a 'alf bill yere, a bunch ove har bout like a bird's nes' thar, then sum more skin, then sum paste, then a littil more har, then a heap ove skin—har an' skin straight along all over that newfangl'd, everlastin', infunel pasted cuss ove a durn'd shut! Hit wer a pieter tu look at, an' so wer I.

"The hide, har, an' paste wer about ekally devided atwix me an hit. George, listen to me: hit looked ad-

zactly like the skin ove sum wile beas', tore off alive, ur a bag what hed toted a laig ove fresh beef frum a shootin match.

"Bill cum home wif Betts, an wer the fust inter the cabin. He backed outen hit agin, an' sez he, 'Marcyful payrint! thar's been murderin dun yere; hits been ole Bullen; he's skin'd Sut, an' *thar's his hide* hung up tu dry.' Betts walked roun hit a zaminin hit, till at las' she venter'd clost, an' know'd her sowin.

"Ses she, 'Yu dad dratted ole pot-head, that's his Sunday shut. He's hed a drefful fite tho' wif sumbody; *didn't* they go fur his har ofen?' 'An' rine in 'bundance,' sed Bill. 'Yas, hoss,' sed Betts 'agine, 'an' ef I'd been him, *I'd a shed hit*; I wudnt a fit es nasty a fite es that wer in my fines' shut, wu'd you, Bill?"

"Now, George, I's boun tu put up Jonsin's meat fur 'im on site, wifout regardin good killin weather; an' ef *ever* a 'oman flattins out a shut fur me agin, durn my everlastin pieter ef I don't flattin her out es thin es a stepchile's bread an' butter. I'll du hit ef hit takes me a week.

"Now, George, ef a red-heded 'oman wif a reel foot axes yu tu marry her, yu *may* du hit; ef an 'oman wants yu tu kill her husbun, yu *may* du hit; ef a gal axes yu tu rob the bank, an' take her tu Californy, yu *may* du hit; ef wun on 'em wants yu tu quit whisky, yu *mout* even du that. But ef ever an 'oman, ole ur yung, purty es a sunflower ur ugly es a skin'd hoss, offers yu a shut aninted wif paste tu put on, jis' yu kill her in her tracks, an' burn the cussed pishus shut rite thar. Take a ho'n?"

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